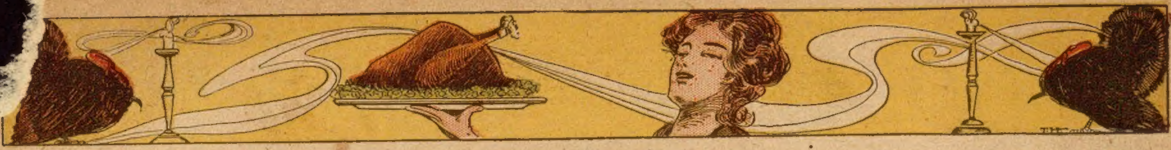

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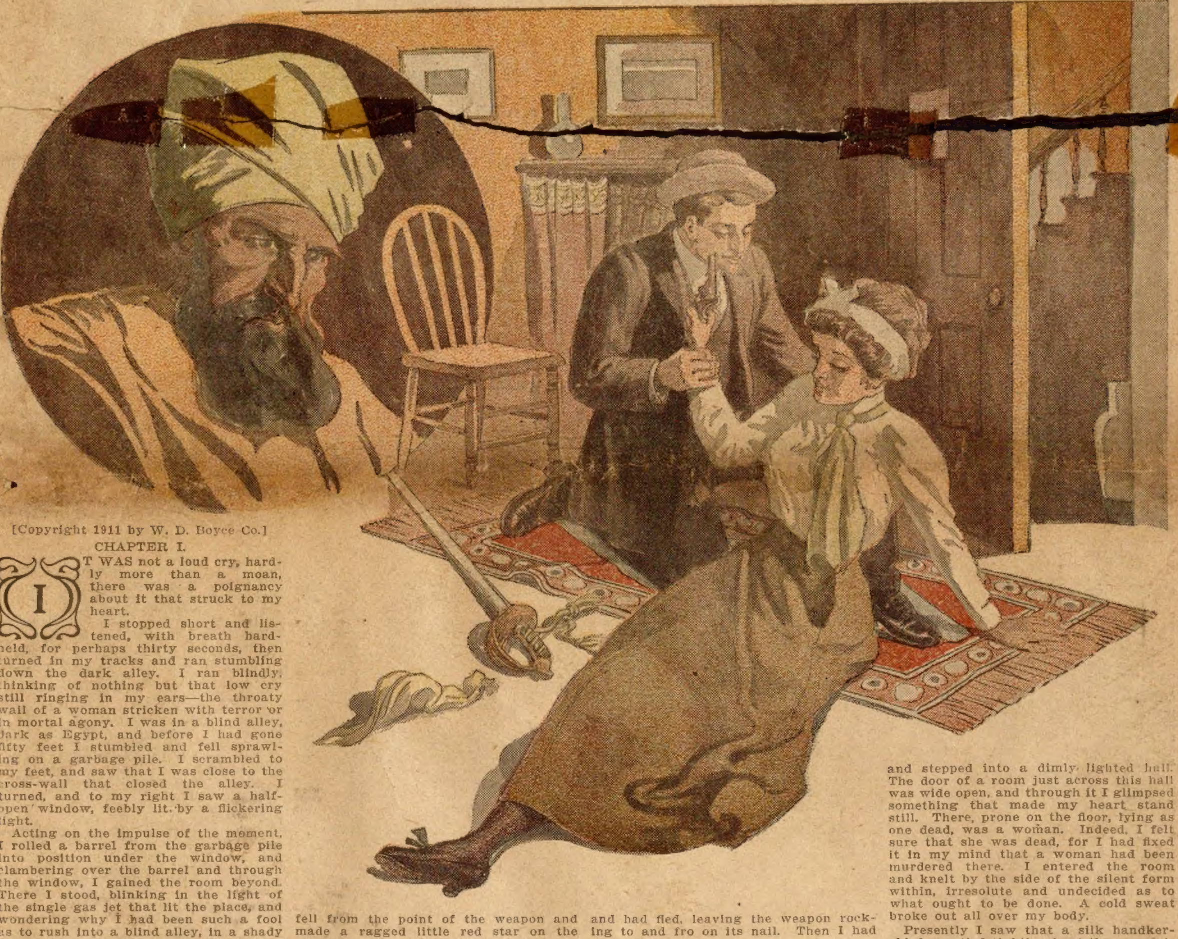
THE RAJAH BLUE;

Or, A DAUGHTER'S DARING

By RHUDDLAN MARSH



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CHAPTER I.

IT WAS not a loud cry, hardly more than a moan, there was a poignancy about it that struck to my heart.

I stopped short and listened, with breath hardheld, for perhaps thirty seconds, then turned in my tracks and ran stumbling down the dark alley. I ran blindly, thinking of nothing but that low cry still ringing in my ears—the throaty wail of a woman stricken with terror or in mortal agony. I was in a blind alley, dark as Egypt, and before I had gone fifty feet I stumbled and fell sprawling on a garbage pile. I scrambled to my feet, and saw that I was close to the cross-wall that closed the alley. I turned, and to my right I saw a half-open window, feebly lit by a flickering light.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, I rolled a barrel from the garbage pile into position under the window, and clambering over the barrel and through the window, I gained the room beyond. There I stood, blinking in the light of the single gas jet that lit the place, and wondering why I had been such a fool as to rush into a blind alley, in a shady part of town, at midnight with not even a vest-pocket pistol to serve me if trouble came of it.

"Now, my son," I said to myself, "you've started something you can't finish, most likely."

I looked about the room. Then I rubbed my eyes. No, it was not an illusion to be brushed away. It hung there and swung there—a great bare sword, a long cavalry saber, such as they used to carry in the Mexican War, hanging from a nail in the farther wall, and swinging back and forth like a pendulum! I watched it, fascinated, while the arc marked by its point grew shorter and shorter. Presently it was still. I breathed again, and my eyes once more surveyed the little room in which I found myself.

There was a splattered streak of fresh blood on the Japanese matting just beneath the saber. While I looked a drop fell from the point of the weapon and made a ragged little red star on the carpet.

By a desperate effort I shook my wits together. Here was something truly serious. Before that I had moved without thinking, acting on thoughtless impluse. Now, however, I was confronted by something that served to shock me into a rational frame of mind, and whereas before I had been blindly excited, now, with a big saber dripping blood before me, I became curiously cool and collected. We surprise ourselves sometimes in emergencies.

In ten seconds I had made my guess as to what had happened there. Some one had been murdered with that ghastly saber—perhaps a woman, since it was a woman's voice that had drawn me to the place. Some one, probably the murderer, had been in the room but a few seconds before I had clambered in through the window. This person had hung the sword up by its hilt, hurriedly, and had fled, leaving the weapon rocking to and fro on its nail. Then I had entered.

I stood there gazing at the now immobile saber for a little time, revolving the matter in my mind in an impersonal and abstracted way. Then, in a rush, there came to me the realization of the fact that I was indulging in abstract speculation in a house where murder had been done within the past two minutes, perhaps, and with a swift movement I seized the bloody saber and turned to the door of the room. No doubt, to an uninterested spectator, I could have seemed a mirth-provoking sight, standing there, defying the door with a big sword, but the humor of the situation did not appeal to me just then. Again I wished I had had sense enough to keep away from there and mind my own business.

The door was slightly ajar, and I could see that there was a light burning without. I crossed the room, pushed the door open with the point of the saber, and stepped into a dimly lighted hall. The door of a room just across this hall was wide open, and through it I glimpsed something that made my heart stand still. There, prone on the floor, lying as one dead, was a woman. Indeed, I felt sure that she was dead, for I had fixed it in my mind that a woman had been murdered there. I entered the room and knelt by the side of the silent form within, irresolute and undecided as to what ought to be done. A cold sweat broke out all over my body.

Presently I saw that a silk handkerchief was tied tightly about the woman's mouth and that her hands were bound with cords. I tore the gag and the bonds away, and began to fan the pale little face with my fedora hat. I felt a queer tightness about my throat as I looked upon that sweet face, so ghastly pale in its frame of silky brown hair, for something deep down in my heart told me that if those closed eyes were never to open again, it would be a long, lonesome trip for me thenceforward to my funeral day.

A little time, and she sighed and stirred, and a moment later her eyes were wide open. I thought they were black, but misjudged them because of the faint light. I know them now for violet eyes, eyes the very color of the wildwood violet. She lay for a while looking up at me with a dazed expression on her face. Then she rolled over suddenly, sat up, and covered me with a little gold-mounted revolver—all in the batting of an eyelid.

"Drop it!" she snapped.

The big saber clattered to the floor. I had forgotten the murderous thing. It had been in my hand ever since I had entered the room.

"Hands up!" were the next words. Up went my hands.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am the fool who heard a cry and climbed into a house where bloody sabers hang on the walls. Perhaps you can tell me what has happened here, and how it is that I find you lying here bound and gagged?"

"She dropped the revolver and covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she said, "I thought you were one of them!. And when I saw you with that horrible sword——"

"I brought it from the next room. You see, I was unarmed and——"

"Yes. It's all right. Forgive me please. And please——"

I wish I could convey some faint idea of the way she said "please." I would have willingly stormed the gates of hell for her after that.

"Please—please help me!" she said.

"Help you, girl! Why, I'll——" Words failed me to tell her all that I stood ready to do for her.

She pressed her hands to her eyes again, drew a shuddering breath, and stood up. She was all alert now.

"Let's be quick. We must get away from here at once," she said. "They've murdered my man-servant, and now I must hurry on alone. Take me away—please do!"

"But," I faltered, "the police? We ought to notify them. Is there a 'phone here?"

"No! No!" she cried. "We must not notify the police. They will ruin everything. Promise that you will not notify them. Please!'

I promised. Of course, I promised. I was her abject slave.

She said she would explain when time [illegible] for explanation offered. For the present the vital thing was to get away from the scene of the tragedy. There was no time to look for the body of her murdered servant. Besides, it had probably been spirited away. Now she was afraid some one would come and find us there. Whatever happened, there must be no alarm. We must get away quickly and quietly.

She threw a mantilla over her head, took a little handbag from a table in the corner of the room, picked up the tiny pistol from the floor, and said she was ready.

"Here, you take the gun," she said.

I took the little weapon, and she led the way cautiously out into the dimly lighted hall and on down a flight of stairs to the street door, which opened upon a thoroughfare, a full floor below the level of the blind alley from which I had entered the rear of the building. In three minutes we were safe in the shifting midnight crowd of Smithfield street. At the corner of Smithfield and Fifth avenue my companion paused.

She put her hand on my arm. "I must not impose upon your good nature any further," she said. "Believe me, I am grateful. I can't tell you how I—I——"

Her eyes grew strangely bright, and the corners of her mouth drooped suddenly. The reaction had set in, and in another moment she was crying, with her head burrowing in my coat somewhere between the side pocket and the shoulder seam.

I could only say "There! There!" over and over again, like any fool man and pat her awkwardly on the shoulder, and wish I dared take her in my arms right then and there, under the arc lights of Smithfield street. I vowed to see this thing through at any cost.

Presently she cried herself out, and wiping her streaming eyes, she looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, but I'm the brave one!" she said scornfully.

"You'll be all right now," I said reassuringly. "What's to be done next?"

"I must go on," she said.

"Go where?' I persisted.

She hesitated. "It's a long story," she said, after a bit.

"Tell me the story," I pleaded. "Please!" I added, drawing the word out after her fashion of saying it.

She smiled a little through her tears. "If you really care to hear it," she said.

"If I care! Come, let's go where we can have quiet. Here, this will do well enough." I led the way into a well-nigh deserted all-night dairy lunchroom.

There, sitting face to face in a pair of wide-armed dairy-lunch chairs, over mugs of bitter dairy-lunch coffee,* we had opportunity to really look at each other for the first time. I saw a slight girl of about twenty, with brown hair and violet eyes, and with a face lit by a tender grace that I could not easily set in harmony with the businesslike way in which she had covered me with the little gold-mounted revolver. Her features were charmingly irregular, and her complexion, now that the blood had driven away the ghastly pallor that had been upon her face when I first saw it, was of that delicate brown that bespeaks the girl who has known the kisses of wind and sun.

After all, it was I who confessed first

"Tell me about yourself," suggested my companion presently.

"Oh, there's nothing much to tell," I protested, after the mock-modest fashion most of us have, and then went on to tell her at some length about my uninteresting career—how I worked my way up from the place of a printer's devil to that of a rather punk reporter, how my Uncle Jim had died and left me a little money, and how I was trying to spend the money so as to be able to get back to work with the proper zest. It was a dull, commonplace story, but the girl opposite me seemed to find it interesting.

When I was through, she pondered a little while, as though turning some question over in her mind, then blurted out: "Can I trust you?"

I began to swell up, and she put out a little hand and touched my arm.

"Please forgive me," she pleaded. "Please! I meant to say 'Can you trust me?'"

"Just try me."

"Then come with me to Paris."

This certainly did faze me some, but I tried not to let on.

"Please!"

"Certainly," I replied. "When shall we start?"

"Now." She looked at her modest little silver watch. "We have just time to catch a train for New York."

"But I must get my grip," I protested. "And I haven't any money. I must go to the bank——"

"I have twelve hundred dollars with me," the girl said. "That should be quite enough for both of us, and since you are going because I ask you to help me, it is right that you should let me pay the expenses. Besides, if you must have money for your own use later, you can wire for it."

At the Pennsylvania Station, ten minutes later, while we were waiting for the Pennsylvania Special east, I asked: "WHY are we going to Paris?"

"The answer to that is the long story that I haven't told you yet. But I shall tell you very soon. And I'll tell you now why I asked you to go to Paris.

"Why?"

"Because you were so nice to me when I cried, for one thing, but mostly because when I handed you my gun you just naturally 'broke' it to see that it was loaded all right, and tested the trigger to see how stiff the action was."

CHAPTER II.

We were unable to get berths in a sleeper, so we made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the chair car. It was near midnight, anyhow, I propped the girl up with pillows, and turned her face from the light. She was tired and broken in spirit, and she did my bidding like an obedient child. When she was comfortably settled, I went and had a smoke. When I came back, after a while, she was asleep, with a big tear drying on either cheek.

While she slept I was busy thinking, puzzling my brain to no purpose about the mysterious happenings that had started me post-haste for Paris with a girl whose very name I did not know. Who had murdered this young girl's servant? How had she been so certain that the body had been "spirited away?" Why had she been so insistent about not notifying the authorities of the tragedy? Why had I, a police reporter, been so "easy" as to swallow, without a grimance' all this utterly improbable and suspicious story?

Then I stole a glance at the sweet face of the girl sleeping in the chair next to mine, and that question was answered. I knew why.

And then there was the mystery of the big saber—the most absurdly mysterious thing about the whole affair. What possible solution could there be for that? It was preposterous! Why, if any one had told me about climbing into a deserted room in a downtown section of Pittsburgh and finding a big saber covered with blood swinging from a nail on the wall, I would have set him down as a cheerful liar! But I had seen it. I had had that same saber in my hands. It certainly had happened, but for the life of me I couldn't imagine any rational explanation for it.

When the girl awoke, about eight, she seemed to have regained her nerve to a considerable extent, and when we had had a good breakfast she became actually cheerful.

"Now," said I, when we had returned to our chairs, "let me offer my card."

She took the pasteboard and read it.

"John Powell? Thank you, Mr. Powell. My name is Emmett." She fumbled in the little handbag and presently brought forth a card. "I am Nora Emmett."

I took the card from her and read, "Nora Emmett—Nadir street, Bombay."

"Well?" I said. "I've smoked a half-dozen cigars over this business without getting a glimmer of light. Tell me what it's all about, please. Tell me why we are going to Paris so fast."

And this is the story that Nora Emmett told me.

"I shall begin at the beginning," she said. "When I was a little girl, my father, who was then proprietor of a large ranch in California, took it into his head to go to the Orient. He always said that 'the curse of the wandering foot' was on him, and I used to tell him I was glad, because he always took me wherever the curse drove him. Mother died when I was four years old. Well, he left the ranch in good hands and went to Japan, and thence to India. We spent years in India. Dad is a great lover of big game shooting, and strangely enough, as the Brahmins thought, he was also deeply interested in the philosophy of the East. So, hunting occasionally, and all the time deep in Oriental studies, father traveled from place to place in India, always taking his little Nora with him, even on his hunting expeditions. Nora has killed her tiger, too.

"One day we came to a place in the hill where there was a very ancient temple in ruins, and there Dad, who is something of an archeologist, as well as a big game hunter, stopped for several days to poke about the deserted ruins. Well, after awhile, he found a hideous little idol, buried in the debris, and one eye of that idol was a deep purple diamond of nearly a hundred carats, and the other eye was a wonderful sapphire.

"Dad made no secret about the finding of the diamond, and pretty soon there came to him a delegation of priests in long yellow robes, cool as you please, to claim the diamond for their church. Dad told them that he found the diamond himself in a prehistoric ruin, and that he proposed to keep it. The priests told him he would be sorry and went away.

"Then the whole Hindu underworld was unleashed upon us. Thugs followed us everywhere. Dad's life was not so much in danger while he held the secret of the hiding place of the 'Rajan Blue,' as he named the diamond; but we felt that if they once got their hands on the stone, his life wouldn't be worth a rupee. A dozen times attempts were made to get the diamond or to make Dad a prisoner, but each time he outwitted the thugs.

"Finally, we decided to separate and come to America by different routes, in the hope of eluding the pursuers. So Dad started from Bombay for France, via the Suez, and I sailed for Japan, and thence to 'Frisco, taking with me our faithful Rajadasa. Rajadasa and I had the blue diamond. We were to dispose of it in New York, while Dad was leading the thugs a wild goose chase over Europe.

"When we reached 'Frisco we found that we were being shadowed. We tried to lose the thugs, and when we caught the Overland Limited for the East, we thought we had given them the slip, but they showed up again at St. Louis. Then we separated and came to Pittsburgh by different routes; Rajadasa via Chicago, and I over the Pan Handle. When we reached Pittsburgh we took those dismal rooms in the most out-of-the-way place we could find, and kept quiet for three days, hoping to throw our pursuers off the scent. We even had our meals sent to the rooms.

"Well, you know what happened. Last night they came. Rajadasa was at the window. I suppose he saw one of them in the street. At any rate he knew what was coming, for he hurriedly took a spoonful of jelly from a glass that had served us for supper, took the blue diamon from his belt, placed it in the jelly, and swallowed it all together.

"Then they came. Rajadasa fought like a tiger, but there were two of them, and it was no use. One of them seized me before I could get my pistol, and gagged and bound me. Then the two of them made quick work of Rajadasa. It was terrible—and it's dreadful to know that I must remember it to my dying day! They killed him with those keen, crooked daggers, such as they carry in India. Rajadasa fought so fiercely, however, that he broke the blades of both the weapons, but not until he had already been fatally stabbed. One of the blades he broke trying to turn it back upon the man who held it, and the other was snapped off at the hilt after it had been driven into his breast. The snapping of that blade is about the last thing I remember. I came to with you bending over me."

"But where does the big saber come in?" I asked. I was still puzzling over the saber.

"The saber?" She knit her brows. "Oh, yes. You did have a saber, didn't you? Well, where does the saber come in, anyway?"

"Search me. I found it hanging on a nail in the back room, covered with fresh blood from tip to hilt."

The girl shudddered. "It's all a mystery to me. What do you make of it?"

"Me? Oh, I haven't even the ghost of a theory." Then I added: "About Rajadasa's body. You said it would be no use to search for it. How did you figure that out?"

"I knew that they must have taken it away to—to look for the diamond, you know. Failing to find the stone either on his person or mine, they would naturally conclude that it had been swallowed. And I'm sure that they would have come back if they had failed to find it in Rajadasa's stomach."

"Don't talk about that, please." I said, with a shudder. "It's too horrible even to think about. And I can't just see the thugs carrying a body away. This didn't happen in Bombay, you know. It was in Pittsburgh, and the electric lights were giving reasonable service."

"That is a question," admitted Miss Emmett presently. "But the body certainly was taken away—anyhow, it was not there."

"Another mystery," said I, "like the bloody saber."

Then I went on: "And why were you unwilling to set the police on the trail of the murderers? That, too, has puzzled me terribly."

"Because this is a matter of life and death, and our police would be certain to bungle it. We would be detained — held as witnesses—arrested on suspicion, maybe—and before we could get clear, it would be too late.

"Mr. Powell, my Dad is a prisoner in some foul den in Paris. He is being held for ransom, and the ransom set is the Rajah blue. I learned this a week ago, through cablegrams from the representatives of the Hindu secret order in Paris, and from Dad himself. There's a bare possibility that the message signed by my father's name is a blind, but I fear it's all too genuine, since I have had no other word from him for weeks. I was preparing to start for Paris to negotiate for his release. The Rajah Blue was to purchase his freedom."

"And now the Rajah Blue is gone?"

"Yes, but there is hope yet. The Rajah Blue diamond is gone, but Nora Emmett still has the Rajah Blue sapphire——"

"What's that?' I cried.

"The Rajah Blue sapphire—the left eye of the idol—weight for weight, color for color, facet for facet a duplicate of the real Rajah Blue. Maybe we can gold-brick the Hindu gentlemen. It isn't likely that they will seek expert opinions on the blue stone. They will have no reason to doubt its genuineness—and blue diamonds are not so plentiful in this world that everybody can spot a bogus one at sight. No one knows about the blue sapphire save Dad and me."

"Bully for you, Nora Emmett!" I cried. "And where is this precious bogus Rajah?"

"By this time it should be in the registered mail department of the New York postoffice, in a neat little package addessed to my very own self. And now," she added, "will you please get us a New York Herald? We must look up boat sailings. If we can only get one boat ahead of them! If we can beat them to Paris!"

CHAPTER III.

We had just four hours in New York before the sailing of a boat for Havre, and we found the time all too short. We had a thousand and one things to do. Miss Emmett had to look up her trunk, which had been checked through to New York and having found it she had to have it transferred to our steamer, and she must needs make some purchases, notably a hat (in her flight she had left her traveling hat in Pittsbugh), and she must get her sapphire from the postoffice. Meanwhile, I had to get busy and wire Pittsburgh for money, and when it came I had to buy some clothes and a cultcase and see about our steamer tickets. Luckily travel was slack, and we had no trouble in getting berths in the first boat leaving for the Continent.

Two hours before time for our boat to sail, we met at a place we had fixed upon as a rendezvous, and went to a quiet cafe for luncheon. Miss Emmett had a bandbox and a shopping-bag full of lesser bundles. She had a gray Tam O'Shanter on her head. I was equipped with a bulging suitcase.

"Have you everything?" she asked as we sat down.

"No," I replied, "not everything, but I've got everytihng that I'm going to get. How about you?"

"Well, I have the R. B., first and foremost, and I have a hat, this Tam. Oh, and a few other things!" indicating the many bundles in her shopping-bag.

Then we ordered a "hurry" lunch, for we must needs go to North River to get our boat, and the time was getting short.

While waiting for the lunch to be served, I busied myself by making a systematic search through the columns of a Pittsburgh morning paper that I had just bought. Miss Emmett watched me rather anxiously.

Finally she said: "Please tell me why your are scanning that paper in such a microscopic fashion."

I finished my search and threw down the paper. "Well, there's no story out yet regarding a mysterious murder in Pittsburgh. However, the evening papers may have it."

"And we far away on the billows!" said Miss Emmett.

I laughed. It was good to see her even half-way cheerful, and I began my luncheon with a lighter heart.

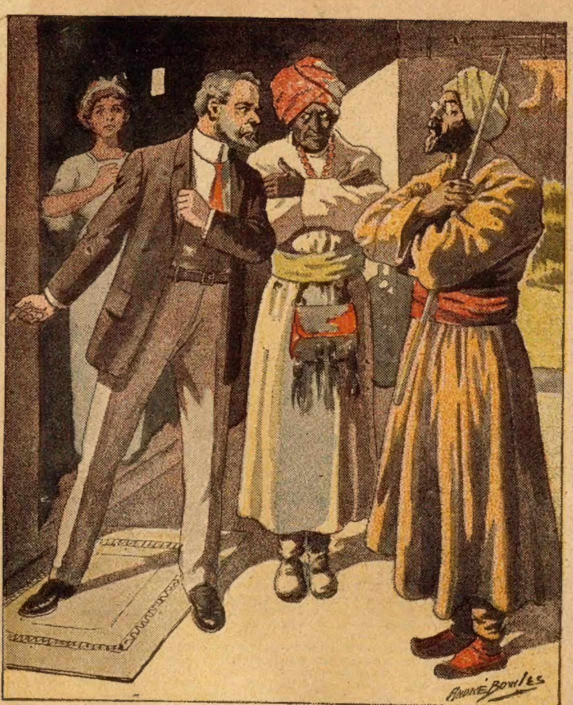
The girl's eyes seemed ever on the watch. Even while she was eating her watchfulness did not relax. Presently she gave a little start, but straightway her glance passed on nonchalantly about the room. She went on eating.

"I thought as much," she said softly. "Don't look around. One of them is seated at the table in the corner. He came in just after we did, but his back has been toward us until now. I've had a shadowed feeling all day, but until now I have been unable to make sure that I was being followed."

I looked in the mirror behind my companion, and saw the "shadow" quite plainly—a neatly dressed Hindu, with the handsome regular features of his race, and an unmistakable air of distinction.

"I am sure there is one thing you forgot," went on Miss Emmett. "You have forgotten to buy a thirty-eight caliber army Colt's, or something of that nature."

"Now that you mention it," I replied. "I believe I did forget that. I'll follow your suggestion presently, only I think I'll change the specifications a little and make it a blue automatic. Don't



The priests told him he would be sorry.

you think that would be a more genteel weapon than a Colt's to carry in polite society—gay Paree, and all that sort of thing?"

I spoke laughingly, but the girl did not laugh.

"We're not going into polite society, Mr. Powell," she said, seriously. "We're going where our lives will be quoted away below par. We're watched and trailed now. I don't know why—I had supposed that after they got possession of the diamond they wouldn't care what became of me—but you see they are still following. That spruce Hindu over there, making a pretense of eating a club sandwich, has been following me all day, no doubt. I'll warrant the other one has been following you. They're strange people, these Hindus. Do you know, they give me a sort of creepy feeling? Somehow they don't seem just human. In cunning, at any rate, they are superhuman. No, we're on the edge of the jungle now. But I guess an automatic will do. And I think, while you're about it, you'd better get two of them. My little gun isn't much account when it comes to real shooting."

"Is it really as desperate a case as all that?" I asked. "It seems hard to believe, sitting here eating lunch in New York."

"Couldn't be more serious," she said. "I really haven't any right to drag you into this, for it's dangerous business. I know I ought not—that I am imposing upon you outrageously—but what can I do? I'm afraid to go on alone. I'm not equal to it, that's all. I——"

"Don't you say another word," I said. "I'm going. Fact is, there isn't enough money in the sub-treasury to keep me home now."

We went from the cafe to a gun store and bought two automatics and a goodly supply of cartridges. Miss Emmett stood by and advised. She bullied me into buying a shoulder holster, and then she insisted that I put it on and "wear" the gun at once, loaded. Like the true child of the West, she never spoke of "carrying" a pistol. She always referred to a gun as an article of apparel, like a coat or a pair of trousers.

"Now," she said, as we went out on the street, after she had first loaded the other pistol and put it into her handbag with the handle handy, "now we must scheme a little." She looked down the street. "Yes, we must scheme. The brown gentleman is very much interested in the display in that jewelry store window just now, but when our backs are turned he will be interested in us alone."

I looked down the street. Sure enough, there was the Hindu, gazing with a great show of interest into a window full of cheap jewelry. Then, for the first time, I began to feel a sense of the mystery and danger of our mission. A sort of creepy feeling possessed me; a sense of dread of something unknown.

"I say Miss Emmett," I said, "let me go down there and punch his head for him."

"Why?" she asked. "What has he done to you? He'd say that he was innocently looking at some scarf-pins in the window, and have you arrested for assault and battery."

I kicked the curb viciously, by way of silent expression of the cuss word that was on my tongue.

"Come this way," said the girl. "We have only one hour until time for the boat to sail. We must hurry, and at the same time we must move so as to give the Hindu the slip. I know as well as if I had seen it with my own eyes that his baggage is right this moment lying on the dock from which our boat is to sail. We must, simply must, give him the slip some way. I can't have him on the same boat with me for six days! I shall go crazy if he is. You think of some way. You're a newspaper man and should know a few tricks. I'm tired of scheming."

"Come on, then," said I.

We boarded a subway express up to Fifty-ninth street, took a cab west to the L, then a train back down town, and hurried to the dock.

The brown man was nowhere in sight, and our spirits rose.

Still, I suppose he's already on board the steamer, confidently waiting for us," said Miss Emmett.

The ship's bell was ringing when we hurried aboard with our scant baggage. Five minutes later, when the gangway was drawn and the water was beginning to boil under the stern where the screws were commencing their six-day spin, a brown-faced, man in a tight-fitting frock coat, ran out on the dock. He took in the situation at a glance, and ran to the rail, evidently intending to climb the barrier and jump on the deck of the boat. But the dock officials interfered, the boat moved away, the gap between the dock and the rail widened and we were off, with the enemy still on American soil!

The "enemy" never batted an eyelash. You would have thought that he had merely missed a car, and that he expected to get another one in five minutes at the longest.

I began to jollify, but the wise little girl by my side poured cold water on my glee.

"Oh, he'll be in Paris the day after we get there," she said. "The Lusitania sails for Fishguard tomorrow. He'll be on English soil before we land at Havre."

"You seem to have great respect for these sleuths of yours," I said.

"Why, do you know," she responded earnestly, "they seem to have occult ways of knowing things—ways that we can't begin to understand? All the same," she added, after a pause, smiling a grim little smile, "we're going to beat them in this game, aren't we?"

"We're going to beat them—never fear."

"Right you are, girl," I answered. And we shook hands on it.

* * * * *

So there was I, John Powell, of Pittsburgh, U. S. A., on the high seas, with a loaded pistol at my armpit, with a girl for a companion whom I had never heard of twelve hours before, en route for Paris to mix up in adventures that seemed too absurd to be real. They don't seem real even yet, as I look back over them. Then it seemed to me like a long-drawn-out dream. I was forced to look often into the violet eyes of Miss Nora Emmett to convince myself that things were really happening—and then, more than ever, it seemed a dream.

* * * * *

Late that night, when the cabin was nearly deserted, we held a council of war. That's what the little girl called it.

"This is a desperate matter," she said after we had threshed over the ground once more. "It's difficult to explain how desperate it is. We two must deal with a terrible society of assassins—the modern and up-to-date development of the old-time thugs—and we must do it without help. The police will be worse than useless. They would only bungle it. The moment the gendarmes of Paris are put on the trail, father's life will be the forfeit, and the assassins will vanish. The police must be kept out of it and——" here she put a soft little hand on my arm—"we two must carry it through to the bitter end unaided. Do you understand? There are five men against us in this affair—two are in America, unless one is hidden aboard this ship, and three are in Paris. They are all many times murderers. These two who have been following us committed murder less than twenty-four hours ago, as you know. They are all murderers, but the law cannot reach them. The law seems too clumsy to trap such artists in crime. We must—we must——" she hestitated a little. "You see what it is we must do?"

She looked so sweetly grim, yet so altogether out of her rightful role, sitting there planning how we might compass the death of five men, that the sight of her sent a wave of tenderness through me. Then and there I vowed that it would be altogether mine, the killing of these five men. No foul blood should stain her little fingers.

"I understand," I said. "And I'm with you—to the finish."

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

❧ ❧ ❧

Thanksgiving Games.

A family party for young and old on Thanksgiving Day is described by Mary and Sara White as beginning with a vegetable race. Two rows of vegetables are laid about six feet part. In each row half a dozen assorted vegetables—carrots, beets, turnips, and potatoes—are placed a foot and a half apart. At the far end of each line is a large basket tray. Two players at a time start, each at the near end of a row, and try with a dessert spoon to lift one vegetable at a time and put it into the basket. The one who finishes first wins and is qualified to play in the second round. The winners in the first round play against each other in the second, and when there is but one player undefeated, he is entitled to the prize, a natural-looking papier mache carrot filled with bonbons.

For chrysanthemums a large golden yellow paper chrysantemum is passed around, and each player pulls a petal on which he finds a printed slip bearing the name of a flower with the letters much mixed. As soon as he has rearranged the letters so as to spell a name he writes it on his card, and then may draw another petal. The game ends when there are no more petals to be drawn, and the prize—a large bunch of chrysanthemums—goes to the one who has guessed the most names.

Parcels post is played with two leaders, who in turn choose sides for parcels post. The parties form lines facing each other, a leader at one end of each line. Beside him, in a clothes basket, are parcels large and parcels small, parcels light and parcels heavy, and many irregular in shape, all wrapped in pumpkin colored paper. There should be an equal number of parcels for each side. At a signal each leader takes a parcel from the basket, passes it to the player next him, and one after another, as quickly as possible they are taken from the basket and passed along the line. If anything is dropped it must travel all the way back to the leader and start again. The player next to the chair must pile the parcels on it as they come to him without letting one fall, and when they have reached him he starts them back to the leader, one at a time, as fast as he can. The side which gets the parcels back in its basket first has won.

Auction is the sequel to parcels post. Each person receives a small burlap sack containing fifty kernels of corn by way of money. The auctioneer is chosen for his ready wit, and may be an uncle or cousin or the host himself. The bidding begins when everybody is seated, and when all the parcels have been auctioned off the game is over.

❧ ❧ ❧

About Wigs.

In the early ages of the Christian era the fathers of the church futilely protested against the use of wigs.

Ancient Egyptians, Romans and Greeks were familiar with the use of wigs, which were made of natural hair.

It was unsafe for English children to walk out alone in 1595, lest they should be robbed of their hair for wigmakers.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. of France to wear one's own hair or a small wig was almost an offense against good morals.

TRICKS

I'm glad the children leave their toys
About the house the way they do;
These little girls and little boys—
What's that? A jackstone in my shoe!
Oh, well, kids will be kids, you know.
Wish I could be a kid once more!
Oh, those dear days of long ago—
Hello! Darn marbles on the floor!

The things they love are scattered wide;
Their shoes are here, their dreses there.
The little darlings, sleepy-eyed—
Ouch! Now who put that pin in there?
Oh, well, I was a kid one time;
I sewed dad's breeches' legs up tight—
Oh, ha, ha, ha! That was a crime!
For the corn crib burned up that night!

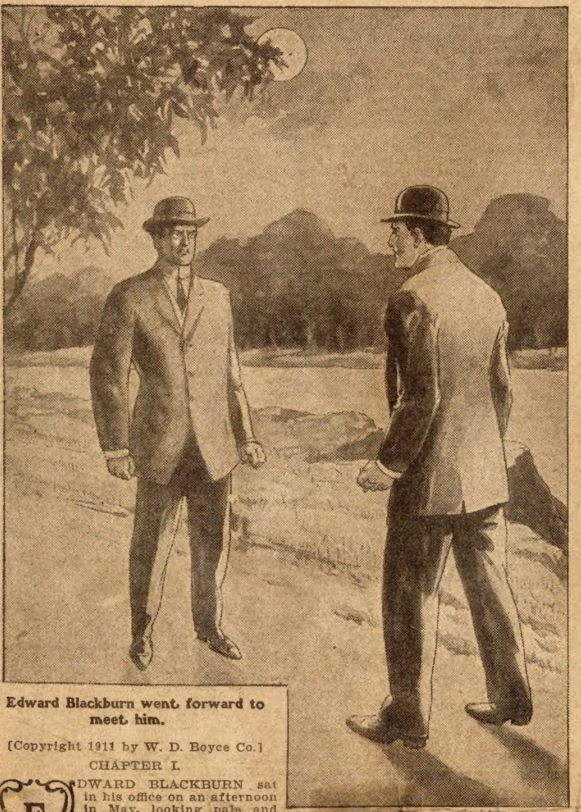
You should have seen dad spraddle 'round
And wrestle with those breeches then!
Gee whiz! Here's nearly half a pound
Of tacks spilled in this shoe again!
And here's a slipper that's nailed tight
Down to the floor! What won't they do?
Oh, well, I played that trick one night—
I guess I told them of it, too.

TED HAMILTON

John Hamilton, Bigamist;

Or, A FATAL PASSION

By Katherine Howard



Edward Blackburn went forward to meet him.

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CHAPTER I.

EDWARD BLACKBURN sat in his office on an afternoon in May, looking pale and disturbed. A number of letters lay unopened on his desk, for he had just returned from a business trip and his mail had accumulated, but he made no attempt to go through it.

"It seems incredible," he murmured "that any man can be such an unmitigated scoundrel." He glanced at the letters, shook his head and arose. "I cannot attend to any business this afternoon."

He had come direct from the station to his office and his linen dust coat and satchel were on a chair near his desk. He threw the coat over his arm, took the satchel and his hat and passed into the outer office where a gray-haired man of about sixty sat at a desk, writing.

He looked up as Edward Blackburn entered.

"I am going home, Simmons," the latter said. "My mail will have to wait until tomorrow."

"You look as though you needed a rest, sir," the old clerk declared, with a glance at Blackburn's pale, weary face.

"I am very tired," and something like a sigh left his lips. "I'll be down early in the morning, Simmons. Good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. Edward."

Edward Blackburn went out and the old clerk sat thoughtfully for a moment.

"It's something more than fatigue that makes him look so pale and troubled," he was thinking. "He had that same look on his face when Madeline Burrows jilted him and married John Hamilton. "That was ten years ago, but Mr. Edward has never been the same man since."

Edward Blackburn stepped out of his office, paused, stood irresolute for the moment, then crossed the street and entered the hall of a building opposite. He opened a door on the right and entered a handsomely furnished office.

"Has Mr. Hamilton returned?" he asked of the young man seated at a desk.

"No, Mr. Blackburn, not yet, but he'll be back this evening," was the reply.

Edward thanked him, turned and went out. He walked rapidly down the street, returning abstractedly the greetings of a number of persons who spoke to him. Soon he had left the business part of the town behind him and was walking along a wide, shaded road with the river on one side and handsome residences on the the other. The road ascended gradually until it was about fifty feet above the river, which was turbulent and very swift. Two of the handsomest residences on the River Road were those of Edward Blackburn and John Hamilton. Both men were wealthy and prominent lawyers. They had at one time been intimate friends. The friendship had come to an abrupt end ten years before when Madeline Burrows, the handsome daughter of Judge Burrows, had gone away and married John Hamilton, just a week from the day appointed for her marriage to Edward Blackburn. The Hamiltons remained away a year and then returned to Riverview. The two lawyers were frequently brought together in a business way, but their friendship was a thing of the past. Edward Blackburn lived alone, with the exception of his servants, in his handsome house on the River Road, a grave, lonely man, whose life had been spoiled by a woman's inconstancy.

CHAPTER II.

Madeline Hamilton stood hesitating for a moment, then moved forward and tapped upon the door of her husband's dressingroom.

John Hamilton was standing before his looking glass in his shirt sleevs, arranging his tie when his wife entered. He turned, his hands still at his throat, and went forward to meet her, bending his head to kiss her cheek.

"How do you do, Madeline?" he said.

She was an exceedingly handsome woman, a superb brunette, with rich coloring and a perfect figure. She was exquisitely and becomingly gowned. Her beautiful dark eyes were very tender. John Hamilton, however, looked at her carelessly, indifferently.

"I did not know until a few moments ago that you had returned," she said.

"No?" He turned back to the mirror. "I got back about half an hour ago."

She lingered, watching him wistfully, yearningly. He was a handsome man, a little above medium height, slender and lithe in figure, blond, clean-shaven. He had brilliant blue eyes, a sensuous mouth and a charm of manner that few could resist.

Hamilton finished the arranging of his tie and turned and looked at his wife. She had moved to the window and stood looking out, a sombre expression in her dark eyes. His eyes lingered upon her approvingly, if with no warmer expression.

"You look very charming this evening," he declared.

She turned and looked at him with a smile that had a touch both of sadness and of bitterness.

"You like my——dress?" she said, with a slight lifting of her brows.

He bowed smilingly.

"Very much," he replied, turning toward the chair on which his coat and waistcoat lay. "It is beautiful and very becoming."

She stood looking at him for a moment, then she crossed the room and laid her hand on his arm.

"John," she said, "you must have loved me when I became your wife, or——" she paused.

He turned and looked at her with a smile that was half grave, half whimsical.

"Or I would not have proved a traitor to my best friend in order to win you," he supplemented.

She drew a little way from him with a slight protesting gesture.

"You put it crudely," she said.

"Crudely, perhaps, but, truly. But it happened ten years ago. Why should we discuss it at this late day? Surely it is needless for me to assure you that I could have had but one motive in wishing to make you my wife—I loved you."

"Yes," she said, in a low tense voice, "you loved me then. But," she looked at him, "I think you have ceased to love."

He started slightly, and his eyes questioned hers swiftly, intently, for a moment. They were sad, appealing, questioning, but what he feared to find in them was not there.

"My dear Madeline," he said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "you surely do not expect me to indulge in the rhapsodies of a bridegroom after ten years of married life?"

A slight quiver passed over her face. She drew away from him, saying in a changed voice.

"It would be very foolish in me no doubt to expect that." She moved toward the door. "I must not keep you from dressing any longer or we shall be late at dinner," and she went out.

He stood for a time quite motionless, his brows contracted, a curious expression, not pleasant to see, in his eyes.

"If there were only some way," he murmured.

Outside Madeline stood with her hands pressed to her breast and her face convulsed with agony.

"It is true, true, he has ceased to love me," she whispered. "I have tried to blind myself to the cruel truth, but I can do so no longer. I love him so dearly, and, yet, I have failed to keep his love. Why has he ceased to care for me? In what have I failed?" she asked herself, drearily, as she went away from the door toward the stairway.

As John Hamilton joined his wife in the drawingroom dinner was announced. As they arose from the table he told his wife that he was going in town to the club, but would return soon.

She sighed as she went back alone to the drawingroom. For two years she had noticed the change in her husband, but she would not until now face the truth that he no longer loved her.

"Why had he ceased to love her? What had changed him?" Again she asked herself these questions and could find no answer.

Hamilton came into the room dressed to go out.

"Lorton called me up over the 'phone, he wishes to see me this evening in regard to that insurance suit," he explained. "The case comes up in court tomorrow." He paused and then added, half to himself, "I had forgotten all about it."

She looked at him in surprise. The case was a very important one, involving a large sum of money.

"You had forgotten?" she said.

He started a little and looked at her. It was evident that he was hardly aware that he had spoken the last words aloud.

"It was—stupid of me," he said, smiling and turning to go out.

"Mr. Lorton called me up on the 'phone a few days ago and asked me for your address," said Madeline. Half way to the door, Hamilton stopped and waited, listening with suddenly arrested attention. "I was forced to admit that I did not know where a letter would reach you."

Hamilton moved on toward the door.

"Ah, an oversight on my part," he remarked, quietly, as he went out.

"An oversight!" she murmured, miserably.

She dropped into a chair and sat for some time her head resting on her hand, dejected, unhappy. She arose, at length, and going to the window, put aside the lace draperies and passed out upon the veranda. A man was coming up the marble steps to the front door. The moon was shining brightly and, with a slight start, she recognized him. At the sight of her he turned and came along the veranda. Her eyes rested upon him questioningly. Since she had been the wife of John Hamilton, Edward Blackburn had never entered the house.

"You are surprised to see me?" he said, removing his hat and standing bareheaded before her. He was a handsome man, not unlike John Hamilton in build, of the same blond type, but he lacked the charm of manner, the personal magnetism that rendered the other man almost irresistible.

She inclined her head gravely.

"Yes," she replied, "I am somewhat surprised."

"I came to see your—husband," he explained.

A BRAIN WORKER

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Contiued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

* * *

Our idea of a conceited woman is one who looks in her mirror and feels sorry for all her female acquaintances.

* * *

Herbs and Flowers Cure Catarrh

A Safe, Simple, Reliable Remedy Which Costs Nothing to Try.

You need not suffer from catarrh, bronchitis, lingering colds or other catarrhal troubles. After years of research Dr. Blosser discovered a compound of herbs, leaves and flowers which by a unique method is applied to every nook and corner of the mucous membrane in the head, nose, throat and lungs.

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* * *

If the average man has occasion to generate a good, hearty laugh once a month, he is playing in great luck.

* * *

FREE TREATMENT FOR FITS.

Dr. F. E. Grant, 517 Raymond Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has a treatment for Epilepsy, or Fits, which is pronounced most wonderful by people who have used it. He will send a free 16 oz. bottle to anyone suffering with this disease.

If you suffer from this trouble, write him at once, giving age, length of time you have been suffering, and your express office.

* * *

Buying experience is seldom a dividend paying investment.

"He is not at home."

"His clerk told me that he was expected home this evening."

"He has returned," she explained. "I meant that he was not in the house; he has gone to town."

He did not speak, he was looking at her with the passionate tenderness in his eyes with which she had once been so familiar. She looked at him steadily, coldly.

"Do you wish to see my husband on business?" she asked.

His face changed, a dark, stern look swept the softness, the tenderness from his eyes.

"I wish to see him upon a matter of much importance to himself and—others," he replied.

She bowed.

"You will find him at the club," she said.

"I cannot speak to him there," declared Blackburn. He turned to her passionately. "Madeline, why did you marry that man? I loved you as few women are loved in this world. He is not worthy of you." She looked at him with a faint contemptuous smile about her lips. "He does not love you," Blackburn added with conviction.

She shrank back and quivered as though his words had been a blow. Was her husband's indifference patent to all the world.

"Madeline," Blackburn continued, passionately, "I would give my life to save you from a moment's pain. My God! you do not know, you never could have guessed how dearly I loved you."

Her heart stirred with pity. "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind." She had learned the bitterness of loving where she was no longer loved.

"I know I did you a wrong, Edward," she said, gently. "Won't you try to forgive me?"

"Forgive you, yes, yes," he replied. "I have forgiven you. I love you too dearly to cherish any bitterness against you. His was the deeper, crueler wrong. He was my friend and he stole from me the woman I loved."

She was silent; there was nothing she could say; she knew he spoke the truth. John Hamilton had won her love before she was herself aware of it. Then he had left no means untried to induce her to marry him. She had struggled for a time to remain true to Edward Blackburn, but in the end she had yielded. Was it retribution—her failure to keep her husband's love?

"I would have been faithful to you to the end of my life," declared Edward Blackburn. "While he——" He stopped abruptly.

She lifted her eyes and looked at him. "What do you mean?" she asked. "What reason have you for supposing that my husband no longer loves me?"

"What reason?" He looked at her strangely.

"Yes." She waited for him to speak, but he remained silent. "You hate my husband?" she went on.

"Yes," he replied, with sudden passion. "I both hate and despise him, all the more deeply and intensely, from the fact that I once loved him, trusted him and believed in him. Now I feel as though I could kill him."

"I never knew, I never suspected that you have felt like that all those years," she said, a little wonderingly.

"All those years!" he repeated, slowly, and then paused. "You do not understand," he added.

"It does not appear to me very difficult of comprehension," she said. "I simply made a mistake. I never fancied you vindictive. I never thought that you cherished such animosity against my husband."

He smiled with unspeakable sadness. "You love him very much?"

"Yes, I love him very much," she replied, very simply.

"God knows I wish he were worthy of your love," he exclaimed, with great earnestness.

"I think we will not say any more about my husband," she said, quietly. "If you wish to see him, he will be at his office in the morning."

She made a movement to enter the house. He stood aside. She bowed slightly and went by him. He stood watching her until she had disappeared. Then he turned, went slowly down the steps, across the lawn and out upon the River Road. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a man coming toward him from the direction of the town.

It was John Hamilton.

With a face grown pale and stern, Edward Blackburn went forward to meet him.

CHAPTER III.

The Inspector looked from his desk as Detective Watson came into his office.

"I have an assignment for you, Watson," he said. "Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of John Hamilton of Riverside, who was killed a week ago by Edward Blackburn, wishes to employ a detective for the purpose of tracing Blackburn and arresting him. It appears that the two men quarreled and Hamilton was thrown over an embankment into the river, fifty feet below by Blackburn. Blackburn disappeared the same night. The body of Hamilton has not been recovered and never will be, it is said, as that river never gives up its dead. You had better start at once for Riverview."

A day later, Samuel Watson sat in the library of the Hamilton residence awaiting the coming of Madeline Hamilton. It was not very long before she entered, deadly white in her black draperies, sorrow-stricken, but with a set purpose in her bearing. There was no sign of tears on the pallor of her face. It was evident to the practiced eyes of the detective that she had not shed a tear since her husband's death.

"My name is Watson, Mrs. Hamilton," he explained, as he arose. "I am a detective and have been sent in response to your letter to Inspector Brown."

She looked at him with quick interest.

"I am glad that you are here, Mr. Watson," she said, with unquestionable sincerity. "I cannot tell you how intensely I hope that you will be successful in bringing to justice the man who killed my husband."

She sat down and motioned for the detective to take a seat near her.

"The body of Mr. Hamilton has never been recovered?" queried the detective, as he seated himself.

She shudderd.

"No," she replied, in a low voice. "That river never gives up its dead."

"Your husband and Mr. Blackburn met on the River Road, they quarreled and Mr. Hamilton was thrown over the embankment by Mr. Blackburn. Do you know, Mrs. Hamilton, what was the nature of the quarrel between your husband and Mr. Blackburn?"

She hesitated a moment before replying.

"No, I do not know," she, at length, replied. "I do know, however, that Mr. Blackburn hated my husband. He, himself, told me so the night my husband was killed."

"You saw Mr. Blackburn on the night of the 25th of May?"

"Yes, he came here to the house to see my husband. I told him that Mr. Hamilton had gone to the club. He said that what he had to say to Mr. Hamilton could not be said there. I inquired if he wished to see my husband on business. He replied that he wished to see him upon a matter of much importance to him (John) and others. My husband and Edward Blackburn were frequently brought together in a business way and I concluded it was something of that nature."

"Your husband and Mr. Blackburn were not on good terms?"

"No. I had been engaged to Mr. Blackburn, but I broke the engagement in order to marry Mr. Hamilton. They had been close friends up to that time."

"You say that Blackburn told you that night he hated your husband?"

"Yes. He declared that he hated and despised him; he further declared that he felt like killing him. I expressed some surprise at his vindictive manner of speaking, for I had not suspected that he cherished such an animosity against my husband. He said that I did not understand."

"Have you any idea as to just what he meant by that?

She reflected a moment.

"I suppose he meant that I could not understand how a man would feel under such conditions."

"But you did understand that a man could under such conditions, feel vindictive and cherish animosity?" queried the detective.

"Yes, I understood that perfectly, but up to that time, I had not fancied Edward Blackburn to be of that nature."

"Mr. Blackburn did not wait here at the house for Mr. Hamilton?"

"No, the fact is, he was not in the house at all. Our interview took place on the veranda where we encountered each other as he was about seeking admittance to the house."

"Do you know what time it was when Edward Blackburn went away, left you?"

"It was about twenty minutes to nine. I looked at the clock on the mantel in the drawingroom upon my return there after my interview with Edward Blackburn."

"It was almost immediately after leaving you that Edward Blackburn met your husband on the River Road, was it not?"

"Yes! it would have taken Edward Blackburn a few minutes, walking leisurely, to reach the spot where he met my husband. My husband was known to leave the club rooms at about twenty-five minutes after eight."

"About how long would it have taken Mr. Hamilton to reach the spot where he encountered Edward Blackburn."

"From a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. The grass was trodden down, the stones and sand were dislodged and the bushes were broken and bent at the place where the struggle took place. A little way down the embankment my husband's hat was found."

"Did any one see the two men at the place where the struggle took place?"

"Yes, my coachman passed them on his way to town. They had met and were standing facing each other. He heard them quarreling after he had gone a little distance."

"Did he tell you of this?"

"No, but he spoke of it to one of the maids on his return. She told me of it the next morning when I began to be very anxious over Mr. Hamilton's absence."

"What did you do then?"

"I called up the club and learned that Mr. Hamilton had left there the previous night at about twenty-five minutes after eight. I next called up the office of Edward Blackburn and was informed by his clerk that Mr. Blackburn had not yet come down to the office. I called up his residence. His housekeeper answered the telephone. From her I learned that Edward Blackburn had come in between nine and ten o'clock, but had gone out again and had not returned. She said she thought he had left town. By this time I had become so seriously alarmed that I called up my father, Judge Burrows, and asked him to come out to the house at once. He took Rawlings, my coachman, and went to the place where Rawlings had seen my husband and Edward Blackburn the night before. There the terrible truth was revealed, my husband had been thrown over the embankment by Edward Blackburn."

"Has anything been heard, is anything known as to the whereabouts of Edward Blackburn?"

She shook her head.

"No, nothing."

"I suppose the local authorities have made some efforts to trace him?"

"Yes, but nothing has come of it. The chief of police here has had detectives at work, but they have not succeeded in tracing Edward Blackburn. I have lost faith in them. That is why I have employed a detective on my own responsibility. I want the man who killed my husband to be punished. Find Edward Blackburn, Mr. Watson, and no price will be too high for me pay you. I am a rich woman and I am willing to spend half my fortune, and more if necessary, to avenge my husband's death. I shall not rest night nor day until Edward Blackburn is brought to justice."

"I shall do my best," said Watson. "If your coachman is in the house I would like to have a talk with him."

Madeline arose, pressed the electric button in the wall, and told the maid, who came in response, to send Rawlings In a few minutes the coachman entered the room.

"Rawlings, this gentleman is a detective," Madeline explained. "He wishes to ask you some questions."

Rawlings bowed and stood waiting rather passively. He had evidently related his experience so often that it had grown monotonous. Watson did not appear to interest him particularly, probably from the fact that he had lost faith in detectives.

"Where was it you saw Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Blackburn on the night of the twenty-fourth?" asked the detective.

"I saw them on the River Road about midway between this house and the house of Mr. Blackburn," replied Rawlings. "They were standing not far from the embankment, facing each other. It was full moon and everything was as light as day.

"Were they talking as you went by?"

"They had been talking, I think, but when they saw me, they stopped and waited until I got by.

"How far had you gotten when you heard them talking?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but it wasn't no great distance."

"Did you hear what was said?"

"Yes, sir, I heard Mr. Blackburn say, 'John Hamilton, you are a scoundrel.' Then I heard Mr. Hamilton say in a loud voice, 'Curse you!'"

"Is that all you overheard?" queried Watson.

"Yes, sir, for I'd got out of ear-shot by that time," the man answered, very simply.

"Didn't you feel any temptation to stop and listen?" asked Watson, with a keen glance.

"No, sir, I can't say that I did," Rawlings, replied, meeting the detective's eyes with a frank smile. "It didn't interest me and it wasn't my business."

"What time did you return to the house?"

"I think it was about half-past ten."

"Did you tell any one that night what you had overheard?"

"Yes, sir, I mentioned it to Mary Wil son, a maid in the house."

"What did she say?"

The man hesitated a moment and looked embarrassed.

"Well, sir, she said that it was rather late in the day for Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Blackburn to be a-quarreling." He glanced apologetically at Mrs. Hamilton as he spoke, evidently fearing that she

How to Cure Rheumatism

Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription Easily Mixed at Home.

This simple and harmless formula has worked wonders for all who have tried it, quickly curing chronic and acute rheumatism and back-ache. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them in a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed-time." Good results come after the first few doses. If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it for you in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take a patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original, one ounce, sealed, yellow package. This was published here last winter and hundreds of the worst cases were cured by it in a short time.

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No matter how bad your skin may be, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will quickly work wonders with it. It's goodbye to blackheads, pimples, acne, boils, rash, eczema and a dirty "filled-up" complexion. A trial package to prove this fact will be sent free if you will send your name and address to F. A. Stuart Co., 374 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Then you can get the regular size package at any drug store at 50 cents a box.

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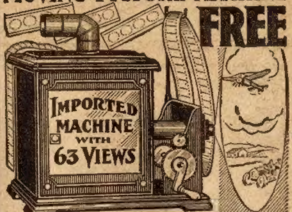

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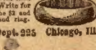


might resent what the maid had said.

She did not, however. She seemed to take the maid's remark as only natural under the circumstances. It was evident to the detective that she had never wavered in her belief as to what the quarrel between her husband and Edward Blackburn was about.

"When you learned that Mr. Hamilton was missing did it at once occur to you that he had met with foul play at the hands of Mr. Blackburn?" Watson asked Rawlings.

"No, sir, it didn't," was the unexpected reply. "It didn't strike me at the time that Mr. Blackburn was mad enough to do Mr. Hamilton any harm. No, Mr. Hamilton——" he stopped.

"Well?" questioned the detective.

"Well, sir, it seemed that Mr. Hamilton was the madder of the two."

The detective smiled a little grimly.

"I suppose no man particularly relishes being called a scoundrel," he said, as he arose to depart.

He took his departure, accompanied by Rawlings for the purpose of pointing out the place where he had seen John Hamilton and Edward Blackburn on the night of May 24th. It was evident to the detective that the struggle between the two men had taken place at first near and then at the edge of the embankment.

"It must have been Edward Blackburn's intention from the first to force John Hamilton over the embankment," mused Watson. "He was evidently the stronger man of the two." He looked down into the swiftly flowing river. "They say this river is never known to give up its dead," he said to Rawlings.

"I have never heard that the body of any one drowned in that river was recovered," replied Rawlings.

"I wish you would point out to me the residence of Edward Blackburn," Detective Watson remarked, after a moment, as he turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

Watson parted from Rawlings at the gate of Edward Blackburn's house, opened it, went in and up to the front door. He had ascertained from Rawlings that the housekeeper of Edward Blackburn was a widow named Warner and he inquired for her of the maid who opened the door.

He was shown into a room on the left of the hall where he was shortly joined by a middle-aged woman, wearing a black gown and neat white apron.

"You are Mrs. Warner?" queried the detective. "The housekeeper of Edward Blackburn?"

She bowed coldly.

"I am," she replied. "And I suppose you are a detective?"

"What makes you think that?" asked Watson, a little curiously.

She made a little gesture half of weariness, half of resentment.

"Oh, they are always coming here," she replied. "I've been pestered to death by them ever since Mr. Blackburn went away."

"I don't doubt it in the least," declared Watson, speaking in all sincerity from his knowledge of the methods of the local police. "I am a detective," he added.

She seated herself with an air of determination.

"You can question till doom's day, but you'll never get a word out of me that could harm Mr. Blackburn," she declared. "I know nothing but what's good of him."

"That being the case, whatever information you afford me may help instead of harming Mr. Blackburn," the detective suggested diplomatically.

She looked at him quickly, eagerly.

"If that is so," she said, with a little catch in her voice," I am willing to talk to you or any other detective from early in the morning to late at night."

"You do not believe that Mr. Blackburn killed John Hamilton?" asked the detective.

"From what I know of Mr. Blackburn, I should say that he was the last man in the world to commit the crime of which he is accused," she answered, with promptness.

"How long have you lived with Edward Blackburn?"

"For ten years. I came to keep house for him when his marriage was broken off."

"You appear to have a great regard for him?"

"I have and with reason. I have found him to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, courteous, kind, thoughtful and considerate."

"But he may have had great provocation," suggested the detective; "I understand that he had been wronged by John Hamilton."

"That is true, but I don't believe he was the kind of man to bear malice, to carry resentment in his heart all these years."

Detective Watson, calling to mind the manner in which Edward Blackburn had expressed himself to Mrs. Hamilton the night of the murder, came to the conclusion that the housekeeper was making a mistake in her estimate of Edward Blackburn.

"Will you tell me all you know of the movements of Mr. Blackburn on the night of May 24th?" he said.

"Mr. Blackburn went out after he had had his dinner," the housekeeper began. "He returned at about nine or a little after."

"You saw him?" queried the detective.

She shook her head.

"No, I did not see him. I was in the diningroom looking over some accounts and I heard him come in and go up stairs to his room. After a little while, I heard him come down and go out again."

"You did not see him at all while he was in the house?"

"No, I did not."

"From the manner in which he entered and left the house would you imagine he was hurried?"

"No, I can't say that I would. It did not strike me so at the time."

"What appeared to be his object in returning to the house?"

"To get his linen dust coat, satchel, and the hat, a soft gray, which he usually wore when traveling."

"Is that all?"

"As far as I know, it is."

"That is all you know of his movements on the night of the 24th?"

"That is all."

"Do you believe that Mr. Blackburn had gotten over his disappointment in regard to Mrs. Hamilton?"

"No, I do not think that he had."

"Do you think that he still loved her?"

The housekeeper hesitated a moment.

"He never seemed to care much about women," she replied at length, a little cautiously. "At least, he never cared for any other woman," she amended, "and I am sure he was not a happy man."

"Did any one in the house see Mr. Blackburn when he came in on the night of May 24th?"

"No, there was no one awake in the house at the time but myself. The maid was out and the cook had gone to bed."

"If you do not believe that Edward Blackburn killed John Hamilton how do you account for his running away?"

"I am not sure that he has run away," was the prompt answer. "He may have had some other reason for going?"

"Has he ever left home in such a manner before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Do you know the present whereabouts of Edward Blackburn?"

"No, I do not, and, if I did, I wouldn't tell you where he was."

The detective smiled a little, as he arose.

"I suppose not," he said.

The housekeeper went with him to the door and stood watching him as he went down the walk and out upon the road. There were tears in her eyes as she turned away.

"I just can't believe that he killed John Hamilton, mean as he used him," she murmured. "But, oh, why, has he gone away like this?"

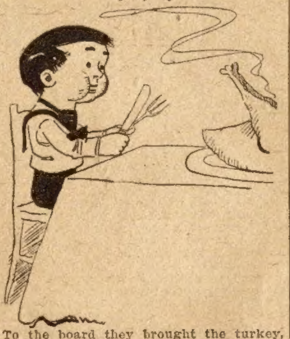
Detective Watson walked leisurely along the River Road toward the town, reflecting: "It's possible that Edward Blackburn's interview with Mrs. Hamilton rekindled all the old love and he left her with a maddening sense of the wrong he had suffered at the hands of her husband. The two men met, Blackburn attacked Hamilton and threw him over the embankment into the river. When he realized what he had done a panic seized him and his one thought was to escape. I must ascertain if he took a train from the station here; I'll make inquiries."

Detective Watson found rather to his surprise that Edward Blackburn had gone from the Riverview station, taking the train that left there at ten-fifteen. The station master's son, who was in charge at the time, stated to Watson that a man, wearing a linen dust coat, a soft gray hat and carrying a satchel, had come into the station and bought a ticket to Marling, thirty miles up the line. The station master's son did not live at Riverview and did not know Edward Blackburn personally.

The station master informed Watson that the Riverview police had traced Edward Blackburn to Marling, and there all trace of him had been lost. This did not prove at all discouraging to Detective Watson and he stood reflecting as to whether he should go at once to Marling or make some further investigations in the town. He finally decided upon the latter course and proceeded to the office of Judge Burrows, the father-in-law of John Hamilton.

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *



To the board they brought the turkey,
With its stuffing roundly puffed;
Soon they took away our Earlie—
It was Earlie who was stuffed.

* * *

Got Even.

The Looker-On boarded a Geary street car the other night, a writer in the San Francisco News Letter says. By his side sat a man who at first sound of "fare" from the conductor began laboriously to count out five pennies, with which he paid for his car ride. After a journey of several blocks the "copper" man gathered up his bundles and departed, leaving the Looker-On and the conductor the sole occupants of the dummy. The former turned to the official and asked, curiously:

"Do you often have to take pennies as fare?"

"Oh, quite frequently," replied the conductor. "You see coppers are legal tender, and as a result cannot be refused. Reminds me of a little experience I had on this same line a few years ago. I had an evening run, and one night I noticed a chap in the farthest corner. When I made my rounds in his direction he began to fumble around in his pockets, and finally unearthed five pennies, which he handed me with a flourish. I accepted them without any comment, and late that night, when it came time to cash in, I kept the pennies in my vest pocket, turning in a good nickel of my own in their place.

"The next night my new friend boarded my car at the same corner and made me a present of another five pennies, which I stored away with the preceding five. The interesting proceeding duplicated night after night, and the collection in my vest pocket became vast and weighty. Seventy-five cents doesn't count for much in silver, but in coppers it assumes all the proportions of an opulent purse. And then one night my long-looked-for opportunity loomed up.

"'Fare!' sez I to my passenger, and he immediately began to tie himself in bow knots looking for his usual supply of pennies. He located four right off the bat, somehow he couldn't find the fifth. He poked into his vest, he slapped his sides, he dug into his coat and he conducted a series of personal excavations in his rear pockets, but all to no avail. Finally, with a grunt of disgust, he handed me a half dollar, and with fine deliberation I counted out the change in forty-five pennies. The expression on his face gave me more joy than a raise in salary."

* * *

Overheard.

"The man I admire," said the sentimental girl, "must be one who goes ahead regardless of all obstacles."

"I'm the fellow," replied the young man at her side. "I used to drive a brewery wagon and I have just gotten a job as a taxicab chauffeur."

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Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days
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Gray and Faded Hair to
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Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot."

Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a hand full of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 100 11th Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year now. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as a true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says: "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long, friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans of Chicago writes: "Since using Chystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Macklain of St. Louis reports: "One treatment made my hair two inches longer."

Mr. Morse of Boston declares: "I lost my hair eighteen years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mr. Mourer of Cleveland declares. "Crystolis is the only thing which actually grows hair."

Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia writes after only three weeks' use: "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Lewis Nuff says: "New hair began to grow in ten days after beginning the treatment."

Mrs. Jackson of New York writes. "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mr. Arnott of Cleveland reports: "Itching scalp stopped the second day, dandruff gone, no more falling hair."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove it without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it today.

This invitation is open to bald headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair, stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't lay this paper aside until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 100 11th Ave., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly.

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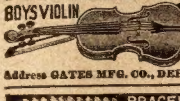

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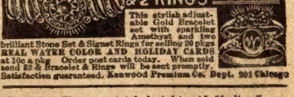

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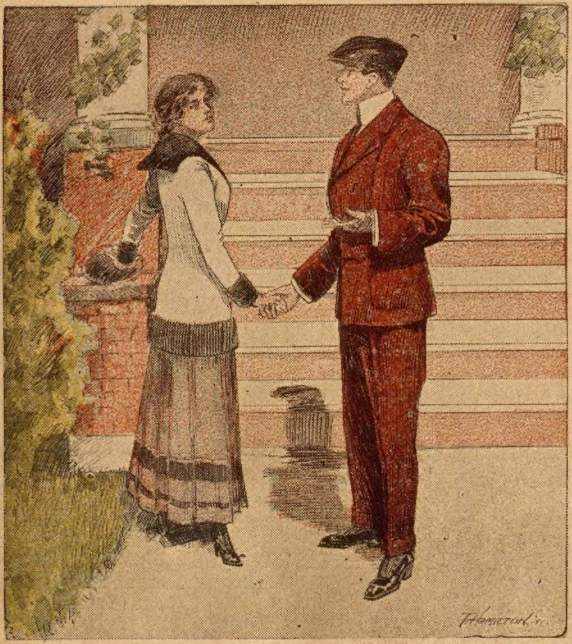
The Sky Smuggler;

Or, The Man-Bird's Daughter

By STANLEY F. MATTHEWS



"If he must know, let it be after he has made his flight."

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 45, Nov. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

APPROACHING A CRISIS.

I HAD not been so busy watching Morgan and his pretty daughter all this time as to forget that there was another Richmond in the field; Shipley hovered around with a look on his face that told me he meant mischief, and I tried to read its meaning, but without much success.

At one time I believed he must be interested in the safe conduct of those imported diamonds to the other side of the river, for his name had occurred in connection with them on the records entrusted to me by my superiors, and which had come from our agents on the other side.

Then again I knew the fellow was smitten by the charms of Morgan's daughter, for he could not keep from showing it in his manner, though I rejoiced to see that Tressie seemed to give him little encouragement.

His actions were more or less of a mystery to me, and I no sooner seemed to hit upon what looked like a reasonable explanation than something came up to disarrange my figuring utterly; so that finally I concluded that I could not bother with Clarence Shipley just at present, my hands being too full of other business.

But it seemed that the vagaries of Fate willed otherwise; and that this same individual was bound to write his name in big bold type on the tablets of my immediate future—indeed, that he and I were destined to cross each other's path more than once.

The moon would rise about nine o'clock, and of course there could not be a start until after that event, say at ten—providing the freakish weather chose to favor the undertaking. Knowing the impulsive and bold nature of the adventurer as I did, I believed he had set his mind upon the venture, no matter what the wind might be, since the time allowance was nearly up, and another storm might swoop down on us by the morrow, rendering it utterly impossible to accomplish the work.

Morgan had been busy flitting hither and thither as the day closed and twilight settled down over the shores of the St. Lawrence; Tressie, too, seemed to be deeply interested, and acted as his messenger at times, though of late I had missed her; and upon making inquiries learned that she had taken the little boat and rowed out to the island in order to procure something that seemed to have been forgotten until the last minute.

I was made uneasy by the fact, and could not keep from sauntering down in the direction of the shore to watch for her coming.

Looking out upon that vast stretch of water, broken by the many islands that give the locality its name, I could see a single boat approaching.

In the good old summer-time, when the large hotels were open and thronged with guests, there would be a score of craft upon the water at this hour, big and little power-boats, fishing parties returning after a day among the bass and muskalunge, and members of the Country Club enjoying a spin; but just now the taste of those who remained seemed to be all in the direction of shore pleasures.

Of course, I knew that the lone figure plying the oars so gracefully could be no other than Tressie, and I watched her every movement with eagerness, admiring the clever way in which she urged the cedar craft through the swift waters of the river, after the manner of an athletic girl; still, there is always more or less chance for an accident where the rocks hide their sharp noses just under the surface, and I was not wholly easy in my mind, while I stood there and watched her approach.

Closer she came, and I saw that she intended landing at the dock of the club, as the most convenient place; so wishing to "happen" to meet her on the path to the house as she left the boat, I sauntered around, to make it appear as though it were accident and not design that brought me there.

So it came that Destiny beckoned me on, for at the time I never had even the remotest suspicion I should be called upon to play the gallant in her service, ere many minutes had expired; yet it so happened.

Having struck upon the path I turned in the direction of the shore, and with a smile at my little artifice, which all lovers may be guilty of at times, I started to walk leisurely toward the river. Having lighted a cigar, I was apparently calmly puffing at the same, though conscious of a peculiar little trembling in the region of my heart, such as peril had never as yet succeeded in bringing to my notice; for they say that when a man loses his head in connection with some maid he becomes a veritable coward in certain respects—and I believed it.

To my chagrin I heard voices ahead of me on the same path, one of them belonging to Tressie, beyond a doubt, and the other that of a man; surprised and disgusted I came to a sudden halt, with the idea of stepping aside into cover, and letting them pass by; for it was apparent that after all my nice little innocent scheme for loitering for a few precious minutes in her company, had been knocked on the head.

My first thought was that some one belonging to the club must have happened to be at the dock and was accompanying her to the house, without dreaming what misery such action might entail upon another of his fellows; then I wondered whether it might not be the captain himself, anxious about his girl being upon the water; and I bent my ear to listen more attentively than before, in order to make sure upon this point.

They were approaching me, which made their voices grow more distinct with each passing second; and thus I learned, almost immediately, that this guess of mine was a very poor one indeed. I threw my cigar aside in a fit of pique, and said some ugly words that were intended, I suppose, to convey the state in my mind.

It was that meddler, Shipley, after all—the fellow had noticed her absence just as I had done, and was waiting at the dock for her to land, so that he had the inside track, while I was left high and dry.

I was so chagrined at being outwitted that my inclination was to conceal myself and let them pass, without knowing that a disgusted suitor crouched in the bushes; and even as I started to carry out this thought, it struck me that both of them were talking in rather excited tones, as though Clarence might have opened a line of conversation that apparently did not suit the inclination of the girl, for she was plainly objecting to something he had said.

And it flashed upon me that the fellow was making a plunge that ordinary discretion might have warned him against; but it has always been thus, for once the green-eyed monster, jealousy, enters the breast of man, he flings caution to the winds and embarks upon a stormy sea of wooing, usually with disastrous results.

I could remember having read of fellows who made fools of themselves under similar conditions, but thus far my experience had never thrown me in contact with a case of the kind; however, it looked as though the time had come now.

Shipley's tone was pleading at first, as though he had thrown himself upon the mercy of the girl; but when she declared that she could not respond to the sentiment he expressed, it seemed his ugly temper was aroused, and he tried to assume the bullying tone that was possibly more in keeping with his general character.

He never made a greater mistake in all his life than when he fancied that Tressie could be wooed in that tempestuous way. Morgan's daughter had a spirit of her own, and neither threats nor cajolery could cause her to alter an opinion she may have entertained of any one.

I have often tried to understand what possessed that fool to give way to his temper as he did; sometimes I imagine he entertained an idea, that, deep down in their hearts, all girls—silly things that they are sometimes—like to be wooed after the fashion of olden days, when a man simply seized upon the one he had decided upon as a fitting mate, and ran away with her upon his horse, and as it was the custom of the time, the maid was content; then again it may have been that, torn with jealousy, he lost all control of himself, and acted the part of a savage, the veneer of civilization being swept aside in this crisis.

After all, it does not really matter a particle what influenced the ruffian to forget himself, since it gave me an opportunity to play the gallant, just as though it were all a scene from some drama on the stage, or a page from a story of the days of chivalry.

I grinned when my ears told me how things were progressing, and that Clarence, poor fool, had already overstepped the mark and aroused the indignation of the girl he professed to adore.

The first words I heard distinctly were as follows, and I could easily picture the flash of her bright eyes while she gave utterance to them:

"I hardly know what to think of you, Mr. Shipley, or your hints about trouble coming to my father. If that is in the nature of a threat, you must know that only a coward would descened to such a thing. My father has been able to look out for himself these many years, and can still, I think. And after this perhaps it would be well for you to avoid my company. You say care for me—well, perhaps you do, after your way, but it is a way I somehow fail to appreciate. To be frank with you, sir, I never thought much of you from the start, and after you have shown your teeth under your smile, I confess that

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I do not care to see you again. I'm sorry to be so rude, but you have brought it upon yourself."

Phew! How he must have writhed under that—not for worlds would I have invited such an expression of opinion from the lips of a pretty girl.

"Now I see that I have offended you, Miss Morgan. Oh! please forgive me, for I am so wild with love for you that I hardly know what I am saying or doing. When a poor devil is torn with jealousy——" I heard him begin.

"Jealousy? What am I to understand from that word?" she exclaimed.

Now he had put his foot in deeper than ever, I knew; and since they had approached very close to where I stood leaning against a tree, I could not help hearing every word that was uttered.

"Well, yes, since I have said that much I might as well say more. I couldn't help noticing that you paid the infernal Odell more attention than you did me, and more than once I was tempted to knock him down, he looked so confident, as though he knew he had the inside track. How could any man with hot blood in his veins stand it? Lay it all to the passion that raced through my very soul—I tell you I love you more than all else on earth; and if only you could look on me with favor, I would be willing to do anything in the power of mortal man."

Thus far he got, but no farther; all the indignation of the girl's heart seemed to break forth as she turned upon him, not five feet away from my place of concealment, exclaiming:

"Oh! you contemptible coward, to say that I encouraged the attentions of any man. Mr. Odell is my friend, and at least he is a gentleman, which you are far from being. I detest you! I forbid you to ever speak to me again; if you do I shall tell my father, and the consequences will be something more serious than that!"

Then I heard a slap, and I knew she had brought her little hand energetically against his cheek; perhaps he was, in his desperation, trying to kiss her at the time—I never learned whether it were so or not; but with the contact of hand and face I caught an ugly exclamation from Shipley, and thought it about time to show myself.

The circumstances were such that I was actually trembling with indignation as I stepped forward, eager to carry out the little drama after the most approved stage fashion, by knocking the silly fool down; I hated to soil my hands with him, but the circumstances seemed to allow of nothing short of such strenuous action.

He was struggling with the girl now without a doubt, and I heard several more loud slaps, coupled with furious outbreaks from the baffled man.

Then I reached out and took him by the collar of his coat.

It seemed to me that, with righteous indignation nerving my arm, I was possessed of the strength of half a dozen men just at that moment; for I tore Shipley away as though he were but a pigmy, and hurled him with a crash amid the underbrush, where I could hear him floundering like a stricken pig.

"Please allow me to walk to the house with you; I don't think that rowdy will bother you again, Miss Tressie," I said, as calmly as I could, for truth to tell, I was still quivering with excitement, which, mark you, is an entirely different quality from fear.

She did not say a word just then, only gave me a startled look; but I knew that her face was suffused with blushes, under the knowledge that doubtless I must have heard all that had passed, and consequently what Clarence had said relative to the cause of his jealousy, as well as her standing up in my defense so valiantly; and I was quite content that it should be so, for circumstances had arisen to encourage a hope in my breast that after all, I might enter the list with a fair chance of winning out.

CHAPTER VII.

SIDE-TRACKED.

Of course there was nothing novel about what had happened; but then, after all, what is there new under the sun? Men have loved from ages back, quarreled over the object of their affection, and fought bitterly; so they will doubtless continue to do, to the end of time; and the scene in which fortune had allowed me to have a part had been enacted thousands of times before—only that it was new to me, and that is the whole pith of the matter.

I really enjoyed that short walk from the spot of the encounter to the club house more than words can tell, because she was at my side, and lucky dog that I was, I had been enabled to do her a service.

Since she did not speak, I respected her evident desire for silence, and was content to be at her side; though when she tripped slightly at one point I was quick to put out my eager hand and give her assistance by holding to her arm.

I saw that she was carrying a small package; but it did not seem to be of any weight, and really there was no excuse for me offering to relieve her of its burden; but undoubtedly it must have been what she had crossed over to the island bungalow to obtain for her father.

We were now close to the house, in which lights had already commenced to appear; and the voices of the good fellows could be heard as they played billiards, the windows being open to allow of ventilation on account of the fog of cigar smoke within.

And then Tressie stopped me. I thought at first she might have heard some sound in our rear, as though my late antagonist had recovered from his upset and was following, for she seemed to turn her head. Perhaps the action was involuntary, since her late adventure might still be troubling her; but when she spoke I was undecided.

"Mr. Odell, it was very fortunate for me that you happened to come along just when I was wishing for the assistance of some gentleman; but while I need not say that I am grateful—for you know that already—yet I want to ask you not to mention a word about this to my father."

I was surprised at what she said, and wondered, on the spur of the moment, what influenced her, since it could hardly be any regard for the rascal whom I had knocked down so happily—that is, if her words of detestation had meant all they were intended to convey.

"Certainly, if such is your wish, I shall respect it, although it would appear to me that as your guardian he should be informed; otherwise that scoundrel may continue to remain in his good graces, and some time or other work either you or your father evil. But your wishes must be law to me," I replied, sincerely.

"Oh, thank you. I am sure he will keep away after this, believing that my father may know all. Now, you're wondering at my asking such a strange thing; but I have good reasons for it. In the first place, sir, you know that just now my father's nerves are all keyed up, almost to the breaking point, by this venture he is about to undertake; and if he was to learn what had happened to me it would serve to unsettle him, and might cause failure in the voyage to the other shore of the river, which he is bound to attempt. You do not know what a tremendous influence external things have upon one when about to take his life in hands and sail far above the earth. There is nothing to compare with it. I assure you, Mr. Odell. If he must know, let it be after he has made his flight; but I dread the consequences, for my father has a violent temper, for all his seemingly good nature, and I'm afraid he would punish that silly young man terribly."

Apparently she had in part forgiven Shipley already, which I suppose was just like a woman; for knowing that it was love for her that had made him lose his senses sufficiently to affront her, she naturally must make allowances, nor could I blame her—I who had gained everything by the incident.

"Please forget it, Miss Tressie, for I shall never, by word or hint, let the captain know that such a thing has happened. But I consider myself a mighty fortunate chap, all the same, to be given such a delightful chance to do you a little favor," I hastened to declare. I had somehow managed to get possession of her little hand, and was busily engaged squeezing it while speaking—at least, I have been told since that such was the case, though I confess that I was utterly ignorant of the fact.

"I hope that you will not have any trouble with Mr. Shipley on account of what happened tonight; for you gave him a dreadful throw into the bushes, and I am sure he must be a sight," she ventured.

"Oh, I guess not. Mr. Shipley is hardly the kind of man one would be apt to be afraid of, and I imagine he has already concluded he had better get out of this neighborhood in a hurry—at least, I should think that that would occur to him when he cools down and comes to his sense. He simply made a fool of himself, and must realize the fact. Must you go in now, Miss Tressie?" I asked, as she made a movement toward the door.

"Father will be growing anxious about me, and just now I must be careful not to excite him in the least. Besides, that was the supper bell," she replied, archly; but I still seemed to cling to her hand, though I had also heard the confounded gong sound.

"There is something I want to tell you, something that has been on my mind so much of late that I can keep silent no longer," I began; but she interrupted me, saying in pleading tones:

"Please do not say it now. Pity my confusion, after what happened—after what he said—about you! Another time—tomorrow perhaps, but not now, Mr. Odell. You are too much of a gentleman, I know, to persist."

Of course I was, although it was a tremendous disappointment not to be able to tell her while the spirit moved me, how much I loved her, and even tomorrow seemed to be ages away; but I had had one lesson before my eyes that evening, how not to win a spirited girl's regard, and it should serve as a warning.

I let her hand drop immediately.

"Certainly; as I said before, your wishes must be law to me; but remember, I shall count tomorrow as a certainty, no matter what bliss or calamity befalls me as a result of my audacity."

I had one glimpse of her face as she raised her head and sent me a roguish look into my eyes; and something that I

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saw there started my heart to beating like a trip-hammer—something that seemed to tell me she did care for me, and that perhaps it would not be such an awful calamity, after all, that would be my portion when the crisis came.

Then she flitted away.

I followed her dear little form hungrily as long as I could see it, and when she had vanished within the club house I sighed, as I suppose lovers have been in the habit of doing from time immemorial.

It had been a very pleasant happening, so far as I was concerned, though I felt rather inclined to believe the other man in the case, Clarence, might not look on it in the same light. I tried to picture him as he crawled out from the bushes where he had landed, and the imaginary spectacle brought a smile to my face.

Then, realizing that after all this business must be looked upon as a side issue, since I had more serious affairs on hand, I changed the tenor of my thoughts, and contemplated the prospect ahead in connection with the coming venture of the old filibuster.

Meanwhile, I could see that some of the fellows had gone in to supper; and as I felt a bit hungry myself I concluded it would pay me to follow their example.

They were a merry lot, given to jokes and badinage, but gentlemen one and all; so that the presence of that little maid, seated alongside her father, doubtless had a deterrent effect upon those who might otherwise have seized upon the opportunity to tell stories or sing songs such as are pardoned at a stag party.

Tressie was at the other end of the table, and although I looked yearningly in that direction many times, she persistently kept her gaze away from the quarter I occupied; I knew that it was no accident, but design; and yet somehow it only served to increase my satisfaction, for I seemed to feel that it was her maidenly modesty that influenced her, and that she would never show such shyness unless I were an object of the deepest interest in her eyes.

For the life of me I could not tell you what I ate during that meal, not if I were offered a small fortune to name the list; the fact was I had my mind so thoroughly taken up with the several matters that occupied my attention that I suppose I ate mechanically, taking anything that came along, and at the same time joining in with the others in laughing over some jokes that, to tell the truth, fell upon deaf ears, so far as I was concerned.

But no one suspected what was on my mind; and if my frequent glances down the table happened to catch the eye of a neighbor, why, others were doing the same, since Tressie's sweet face seemed to be a magnet that attracted universal attention.

The meal was finished at last. One thing I noted, and that was the fact that Shipley had not put in an appearance; and I wondered whether her prediction might not have proven true, and the fellow had skipped out of the region without meaning to show himself again, at least so long as Morgan was about.

As I have said before, he was something of an enigma to me, and I hardly knew just where to place him—with those who were deeply interested in smuggling that wonderful bunch of precious stones across the border, or simply as one of the sporting men who had laid the big wager that Morgan could accomplish the feat of crossing the river at night, as a hostile scout might do in time of actual war. But if he were to be eliminated entirely from the game, from this time on, it would not matter either way.

It was now seven. Two hours must elapse before the coming of the moon, and until that time I might count the minutes my own. Once the fair mistress of the night peeped above the horizon, my place of duty was alongside Breen, the man who owned the dirigible, ready to jump aboard when he gave the signal, and soar aloft into the regions of space in chase of the biplane of that bold bird-man, old Simeon Morgan.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY THE FLAME OF A MATCH.

With two hours on my hands I set about killing time. Some of the boys were again knocking the ivories about in the billiardroom, while others sat upon the veranda with collars turned up, chatting eagerly, and I presumed exchanging still further bets on the possible success or failure of the flight Morgan intended to make this night.

There was something of a breeze blowing, but it came from the west, and by some was deemed a help rather than a hindrance; although they confessed that if it did get higher it might give the aeronaut some trouble in manipulating his machine.

Out on the broad plain there were lights aplenty, and I knew that Morgan must be looking after his precious biplane; indeed, it had been kept under guard every minute of the time since the preceding day, though this caution must seem only natural. The inventor claimed to have several new features connected with the working of his machine, which, of course, he would be averse to having every person examine; and hence he wisely kept a man handy to warn all intruders off.

That was the way others understood it; but I believed I knew better, being on the inside track. Perhaps Morgan did wish to keep his inventions secret, but there might also be another reason for his wishing to prevent curious-minded people from handling his biplane. Racehorses about to start in a contest where big stakes have been placed are always guarded day and night lest some malicious rascal, who may have placed a bet against the pride of the track, be tempted to injure the valuable animal by means of dope, or a nail in the foot; so it were policy for the aeroplane man to keep the machine in which he meant to risk his own life, under constant surveillance.

But now he had taken charge in person, nor could he be tempted from this time on to let the precious winged machine get out of either his own or his daughter's sight.

I did not go immediately to the field, contenting myself with standing at a distance and looking in that quarter; sometimes it is a pleasure just to tantalize one's self with anticipations of some coming pleasure; and I confess that while I ruminated I was picturing her face, and hoping I would discover a sudden wave of color dye her cheeks when she learned that I was near by watching her.

Some one was coming toward me, but as the darkness was intense, he would not be apt to notice the figure that leaned up against a tree bordering the open stretch; it was my intention to speak when I could guess just who the party turned out to be; but I was in no hurry, not yearning for company.

I did not chance to be smoking at the time, which turned out to be a most fortunate thing, for had it been so the light of my cigar must have betrayed my presence, and something that came about would never have happened.

The man himself stopped to strike a light, which he applied to a cigarette, and this allowed me to see that it was Fennimore, the guard employed by Captain Morgan to watch his precious biplane when he was absent.

I had talked with the man, and could not say that I liked him, for there was something about his shifty eyes that repelled me; but since Morgan had had a long experience with humankind, and seemed to trust the fellow implicitly, I supposed that I had mistaken a daredevil look in his pale orbs for something else.

Giving several vigorous puffs at his cigarette, he once more advanced; and now I felt sure that there was something unusual about his actions, for several times he stopped to look back, and once I felt positive I saw him shake his fist as he muttered to himself.

My first thought was that he might have had some dispute with Morgan, who was a pretty touchy man, especially when on the eve of undertaking a desperate venture, and that he was now going off angry at being discharged or not paid what he thought he should have received.

I watched him closely, for somehow the thought had flashed into my head that if any one wished to injure Morgan they would find a ready instrument in this same Fennimore, who seemed to be nursing some grievance toward his employer.

And no doubt it was this idea, rather far-fetched though it might be, that caused me to start to follow Fennimore as he walked along the path leading through the woods. I had nothing to do, anyhow, and might as well wander around a bit to kill time.

No sooner had I made up my mind after this fashion than I began to take an interest in the game; it might of course, prove a wild goose chase, and the fellow be quite innocent of harm, heading for some friend's house, but the spirit of the tracker was aroused, and at least I meant to do my little part without betraying myself to my quarry.

Nevertheless, not being a woodsman, however much I may have wished the opposite were the truth just then, I fancy I must have made numerous little blunders calculated to betray the fact of my presence, had it not been for that friendly night wind which kept rustling the branches of the trees, and showering more of the brown leaves to the ground.

And then, too, Fennimore stumbled along in a fashion calculated to make more or less noise, so that he paid no attention to the rear; perhaps he may have been wrapped up in his thoughts, as men will sometimes allow themselves to become, and oblivious to sounds.

In five minutes we had struck the road, and now it was easier to follow after the man who was leading me such a chase; but I had to be careful to keep at a certain distance, for the stars gave more or less light, and there was constant risk of discovery, an event I should have been sorry to have happen, for I believed the man to possess a hot temper, and he would be apt to attack me in a rage.

One encounter for that evening seemed to be about all I cared to handle; and besides, Fennimore would be in the right, for I could not question his privilege to try and whip any one he found dogging his steps in this fashion.

Ten minutes passed, and knowing that I really had no business to be drifting away in this fashion from the spot where the dirigible and the biplane lay, I was thinking seriously of giving over the chase and turning my steps backward, when Fennimore came to a halt under a tree that hung out in a conspicuous manner over the country road.

Then some one gave a low whistle, twice repeated, and I judged that this signal must have come from the man I had followed; at any rate it was quickly answered, and I could hear the undergrowth crackle as an unseen person advanced toward the tree.

Whoever it was, he seemed to be smoking, for I presently caught the glow of a burning cigar in the darkness, steadily drawing closer to the spot where Morgan's trusted guard stood in expectancy.

By this time I was keyed up to a pitch of eagerness, realizing that after all my suspicions had been well founded, and that there was something queer about this little dip of Fennimore into the interior just previous to his employer making his momentous start on his night voyage.

Perhaps I could not get close enough to catch what was said, for the men would be sure to talk in undertones; but I hoped something would allow me to discover who the companion of the guard might be; for already I found myself entertaining certain suspicions, and I disliked heartily to found such upon nothing more than speculation.

Now the two men were together, and I could catch the murmur of their voices; Fennimore seemed to be saying something, and answering several eager questions asked by the unknown; I would have given much to know their tenor, but beyond the fact that there was a tinge of gloating in his voice, I could not be sure of anything else.

I worked a little closer, thinking my chances for making the discovery I had in view would be better; by this time I was down on my hands and knees, and creeping along as much like a snake as possible.

So far as I knew I made no noise calculated to betray the fact of my presence in the near vicinity. I should have deplored discovery, but only from the fact that such a thing would perhaps upset my calculations, and not because I had any fears of bodily violence, since I always went armed, and could certainly take care of a couple of rascals in a pinch.

But it seemed as though they lowered their voices more and more, so that even though I shortened the distance separating us I was unable to

(Continued on page twenty-one.)

Get This for Colds

Prescription for Positive Results
Don't Experiment

"From your druggist get two ounces of glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine Compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." This is said to be the quickest cough and cold cure known to the medical profession. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. If your druggist is out of stock he will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't fool with uncertain mixtures. It is risky. Local druggists say that for the past six years this has had a wonderful demand.

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* * *

Judge a man by his companions rather than by his relations. His companions are usually of his own selection, but his relations are thrust upon him.

* * *

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme-old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

And a wise man may be able to tell what a woman means by what she doesn't say—that is if she leaves anything unsaid.

* * *

Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

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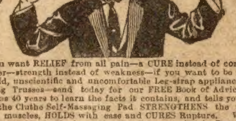
Trusses Like These Are a Crime



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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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GENTLE JABS.

Peace often costs more than a fight.

A pretty young widow soon finds a press agent.

Young man, learn to say "No." Leap year is coming.

Many a man's bluff isn't called until he gets married.

It's a shame the way some people remember to forget.

Anyway, the water pipes never freeze up in our air castles.

Firmness is feminine and obstinacy is masculine—so says a woman.

Few women are deep thinkers—but they are all clothes observers.

Take care of the to-morrows; yesterdays will take care of themselves.

How a man does like to have people think he is wealthy when he isn't!

Women who own henpecked husbands haven't very much to cackle over.

When a girl starts out to kill time she doesn't point her toes kitchenward.

Just when you are trying to show off a hoodoo is sure to get its work in.

Sometimes a girl gets even with a persistent young man by marrying him.

When it comes to being tiresome there's nothing so tireless as a bore.

When the bill collector comes in at the door the dead beat hikes for the cellar.

Probably our prayers would avail more if we were to get busy and try to help a little.

And some men decline to practice what they preach because they need the money.

You can't bet on the sincerity of a man's enthusiasm unless he is financially interested.

Just as a man shuffles off the stage of action he is handed a diploma from the school of experience.

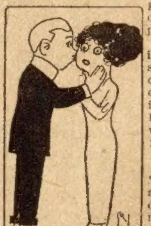
Our idea of a merciful man is one who puts a dog out of the room before starting the phonograph.

But few people in the audience know what is going on behind the drop curtain, and it is probably just as well they don't.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for some men to induce a thread to accomplish the same feat.

Pickled Peppers

Just Like Him.



Lincoln Beachey, after his flight over Niagara Falls in a biplane, was congratulated on his daring by a reporter.

"But I wasn't daring," the aviator said. "I put my machine only to such ordeals as I knew it could withstand. In flying, as in love, we must run no risks."

He laughed softly.

"I know," he said, "a young woman about to wed who decided at the last moment to test her sweetheart. So, selecting the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, though she knew it was a great risk:

"'I'll arrange for Jack to take you out tonight—a walk on the beach in the moonlight, a lobster supper and all that sort of thing—and I want you, in order to put his fidelity to the proof—to ask him for a kiss.'

"The other girl laughed, blushed and assented. The dangerous plot was carried out. Then, the next day, the girl in love visited the pretty one and said, anxiously:

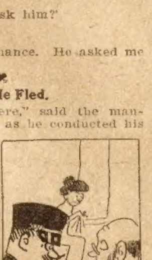
"'Well, did you ask him?'

"'No, dear.'

"'No? Why not?'

"'I didn't get a chance. He asked me first.'"

Then He Fled.



"These fellows here," said the manager of the asylum, as he conducted his visitor through the building, "were disappointed in love."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed the sympathetic visitor.

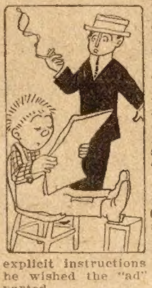
"And these," said the manager, opening the door of another ward, "were not disappointed. They married."

The visitor shuddered and shook his head and they walked along the corridor in a sad and understanding silence. As they went by an open door the visitor caught sight of a middle-aged woman sewing.

"Heavens!" he cried, "what suffering is depicted on that poor lady's face! Tell me who she is?"

"She?" roared the manager. "Why, that's my private sittingroom, and she's my wife!"

After the Reward.



While in a small town in Indiana a few years ago Booth Tarkington had the misfortune to lose two valuable bird dogs. Thinking to expedite their return, he went at once to the office of the one newspaper in the town, where upon his inquiring for the editor he was informed by the sleepy, tousle-headed office boy that the editor was out. He then left with the boy a description of his pets with an alluring offer of $50 for their return, and, after giving explicit instructions as to the position he wished the "ad" to occupy, he departed.

Anxious to know whether the office boy had impressed the editor with the seriousness of the matter, he returned to the office a few hours later and was again greeted by the boy, who, the only occupant of the room, was perched on a stove dreamily gazing out the window.

"Where's the editor?" asked Tarkington.

The boy leaned over and spat out the window, then slowly turned to the author.

"He's gone out tuh hunt de dogs," he said.

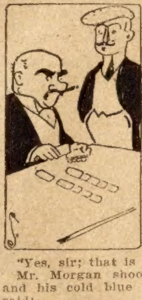
Omelettes or Briles.

Senator Martine of New Jersey, the "farmer Senator," (as it is his pride to be called) was relating in Washington, memories of his farm life.

"What quaint minds," he said, "have those New Jersey colored folk who work New Jersey's farms! I remember an old uncle who once paused in a job of potato hoeing to sing in my ears the praise of chicken.

"'Chickens,' he said, 'is so accommodatin'. Dey's so accommodatin', suh. Yo' can eat 'em before dey's bawn, an' yo' can eat 'em ahftah dey's dead.'"

Morgan's Sarcasm.



J. Pierpont Morgan, looking up from his well-beloved solitaire in the saloon of the Olympic, asked a resident of Denver the news of Western politics.

"Well, sir, our most startling news," said the Denverite, smiling, "is that John Blank"—he named a Colorado statesman—"has turned Baptist."

"Turned Baptist?" said Mr. Morgan.

"Yes, sir; turned Baptist."

"But, to turn Baptist, don't you have to be totally immersed?"

"Yes, sir; that is correct."

Mr. Morgan shook his head grimly, and his cold blue eye twinkled as he said:

"Then I can't believe this report. Blank would never consent to disappear from the public view for that length of time."

Legislatively Expressed

"No one can go wrong if he follows the Ten Commandments," said the sincere citizen.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "the only trouble about the Ten Commandments arises from the amendments people try to tack on to them."

Had Already Invested.

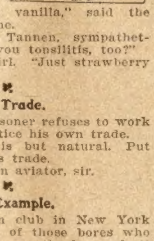
"Could I interest you in our orange grove proposition?"

"Nope, I have already put all my money into a fruit orchard."

"Where?"

"On my wife's hat."

Slightly Hoarse.



Julius Tannen is in vaudeville, which may account for the wheeze which follows. Mr. Tannen was exposed to the night air in an automobile recently. Next day he developed a mild attack of tonsilitis. "Eat a lot of ice cream," said some amateur doctor. "It's fine for the fevered chords in your throat."

So Mr. Tannen found himself a nice little ice cream parlor and sat himself down at a table and beckoned to the prettiest waitress. "What flavors have you?" he asked.

"Strawberry and vanilla," said the girl in a husky tone.

"Ah," said Mr. Tannen, sympathetically, "and have you tonsilitis, too?"

"No," said the girl. "Just strawberry and vanilla."

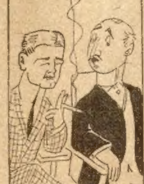
His Trade.

Warden—The prisoner refuses to work unless he can practice his own trade.

Governor—That is but natural. Put him to work at his trade.

Warden—He is an aviator, sir.

For Example.



At a well-known club in New York the other day one of those bores who are the bane of all clubs, drew up his chair to Robert W. Chambers' and said, genially: "Chambers, you are writing at the rate of two, and sometimes three novels every year, to say nothing of your annual sheaf of short stories. Aren't you afraid that a time will come when you will have written yourself out?" "My dear sir," Mr. Chambers replied, "I have no such fear. Just look at your own case. You have been talking for more than sixty years and yet you haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

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The Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy You Ever Used. Family Supply for 50c. Saves You $2.

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Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. A 50 cent bottle makes a pint—a family supply—of the best cough remedy that money can buy, at a saving of $2. Simply mix with home-made sugar syrup or strained honey, in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—directions in package.

Children like Pinex Cough Syrup—it tastes good, and is a prompt, safe remedy for old or young. Stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both good features. A handy household medicine for hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and unusually effective for incipient lung troubles. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will glady get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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THE HOUSE OF FEAR;

Or, PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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Begun in No. 42, Oct. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MASTER'S QUEST.

THE SOUND coming from overhead, I found the staircase and groped my way up the dark steps. The same voice guided me on. Suddenly a door opened, almost in my face, and Madame Mantelli came out of a room with a light in her hand. Sight of the woman sent my blood in a flood to my brain. She perceived me the moment she stepped into the hall, and nearly dropped the light, but I was upon her in an instant, and my hand was at her sallow wrist. How she stared at me, that infamous creature! If looks could kill, I should have fallen dead at her feet.

"She drew back as far as she could, and in screeching tones demanded to know why I had come back to her house. I answered that I had come for Annabelle. The witch of intrigue shook her head and declared that she knew nothing of my love, but I was not to be beaten in this manner. I cautioned her that to raise her voice and call for help meant the end of her machinations. I told her that I knew all about Teresa's plots, and demanded to be led to the object of my quest. She saw that I was in earnest, and at last pointed toward a door not far off. I dragged her forward and bade her open it. Frightened by my mien, the desperate woman obeyed, and when the door opened I sprang into the room. There was Annabelle, shuddering in bed, her face as white as the bedclothes and her eyes astare.

"She put out her hands with a joyous cry, and I pulled Madame Mantelli to the couch and assured Annabelle that I had come to take her from the place. She dressed in a few moments, and we went down the stairs together, the dark face of Madame Mantelli overhead, and her imprecations filling the air. Thus we left the house of bondage," smiled Reginald, "and here we are, Miss Reynolds, safe and sound, Annabelle none the worse for her startling experience, but a little nervous."

I could have taken Reginald in my arms and kissed him. He looked so manly in the light that entered the hall from the library, that he could have posed for a hero anywhere.

"What has happened here?" he asked.

I motioned him into the library, and conducted him to the master's room. He must have suspected from my looks that all was not well with the owner of Shadow Farm.

I was about to direct his gaze to the bed, when I recoiled with a cry. It was empty!

"He was here a few moments since," said I, finding my tongue at last. "He was lying across the bed——"

"But the window?" cried Reginald.

I turned and saw that the lower sash of the window, which looked out upon the rear of the house, was open.

"The master is gone!" I exclaimed.

"Wait! We will find him."

Reginald climbed out of the room and was gone before I could collect my scattered thoughts.

What had become of Rostan Gosnold? Had he left the house of his own volition, even after Flavia and I had adjudged him dead? What new mystery was this?

I wanted to follow Reginald, but other momentous considerations held me back.

I turned away, crossed the library, and was in the hall again.

A slight noise startled me, and looking up the staircase I beheld Teresa Hope standing against the wall, glaring down at me. She was dimly revealed in the uncertain light, but I could not mistake her figure.

When the woman saw me, she came slowly down, and setting her dark, malignant eyes on my face, leered forward. She carried a small black grip in her hand, and I noticed that she was clad in traveling dress.

I made a move as if to bar her passage, but she landed at the foot of the stair with the leap of a cat.

"Stop me on your life!" fell from her lips, as I involuntarily drew back. "It is death to oppose me now."

I saw this in the weapon that shone in her white hand, as well as by the light that flashed from her eyes.

She passed me like a whirlwind of passion.

Her footsteps were heard a moment on the outer porch, and then I suspected that, catlike, she was running across the lawn beyond.

It took me but a moment to recover, and then I ran up the stair to Annabelle.

To my horror I discovered that the door of my room stood wide open. The sight drove every vestige of color from my cheeks, for I knew that Teresa must have been there.

She must have overheard my instructions to Annabelle to admit no-one who did not give the four raps, and had taken advantage of them.

Reginald's love was lying on the floor, her bloodless face turned towards the ceiling, but in a moment I held her in my arms. A glance showed me the work of the woman of iron and steel.

I saw the purplish marks of fingers on the girl's throat, and for a second feared that the end had come, but when I carried the fair, limp form to the light, I discovered, to my joy, that a flicker of life remained.

I forgot every thing but Annabelle.

Teresa Hope, Doctor Dunlape, all might go, if I could but save Annabelle for Reginald.

Slowly the girl came back to life. As I turned away for a moment I heard heavy footfalls beyond the room, and the next moment there stood in the doorway, looking at me with a quizzical smile on his face, Brooks, the overseer of Shadow Farm.

"I'm back, Miss Alice," he said, with a laugh. "Reginald forestalled me, but I'm not empty-handed."

"What did you discover, Brooks?"

"The lair of the lion," said he. "It was empty, but I found enough. Forbes Dunlape left too many things behind him when he came to Shadow Farm, to kill and possess. I found stored away in his rooms a will which gives the whole estate to him, with the exception of a mere pittance to Annabelle——"

"It is a forged will, Brooks," I interrupted.

"Of course it is," answered the big fellow, "for the master has a heart in him."

"And the will you found?"

"It is here," and he tapped his breast. "Of course I brought that away for evidence. Where is Doctor Dunlape?"

That moment I thought of the man waiting for vengeance in the pergola. What had Chamar Doaz done?

I seized Brooks' arm, and poured into his ears, in as few words as possible, the story of the Ceylonese.

"Heavens!" he cried. "That yellow man might have frustrated the hand of Justice!" and the next moment I was alone with Annabelle.

The reader may imagine with what impatience I waited for the return of Brooks and Reginald. The Fear that had greeted my advent into that house was with me still.

Annabelle had come out of the trance into which she had been thrown by the hands of Teresa Hope, and Flavia was somewhere, I knew not where, but cowering, no doubt, in her own room behind locked doors; so I had nothing to do but to await the outcome, whatever it might be.

I went up to my room to be with the girl, and found her listless in my rocker, with her still, whitened face turned toward the window, with no perception in her look.

"Why has all this happened, Miss Alice?" she said, as she turned her eyes upon me. "Where have I been all this time?"

Was it possible that the events of the last several days were as a dream to her?

"You must know," said I, "how you left the house, my dear child?"

Annabelle shook her head,

"Really I knew but little, until I saw Reginald in that strange house in the city," she answered.

"But you saw Madame Mantelli?"

"I saw a strange woman who had eyes like Teresa's," she said. "At first I thought she was Teresa,' 'and Annabelle smiled. Then she suddenly said: "I would like to see Uncle Rostan, to tell him that I am back."

"Not yet," I replied. "All that will come later on—I hope."

She did not seem to take the full measure of my words, and I went to the window and looked out upon the night. Surely either Reginald or Brooks would come soon with a report.

"It was a very strange place," I heard Annabelle say. "Do you know, Miss Alice, that Madame Mantelli, as you call the woman, tells fortunes?"

"She may do more than that," I answered over my shoulder.

"She does!" cried the girl. "Keeps a portrait of Teresa hanging up in her house, and every now and then she stands off and throws a dagger at it."

I wheeled round with a little cry and fixed my eyes on Annabelle.

"I never heard of such a singular proceeding," the girl went on. "I saw her do it more than once while I was in her house. She may not like Teresa, and yet they look so much alike."

"Why not? They are half-sisters," I said, stroking Annabelle's hair.

"Ah, but the hatred should not be there if they are blood kin," she ejaculated, with a shiver.

I went over to my post again.

Presently I heard my name echo

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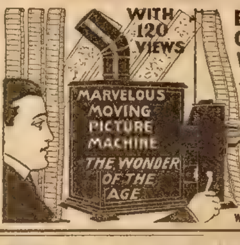

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through the house, and the next instant I was on the staircase.

Reginald was at the bottom, and there was a look of triumph on his face.

"I have found him," he sent up to me, as I hurried to his side. "He was digging in the ground with his hands like a squirrel."

"Sane?" said I, and the word nearly took my breath.

"A little queer," he returned. "I took him up and brought him to the house. He is sleeping now."

"And the hole at the foot of the oak?" I cried. "What is in it?"

"I did not seek to know. I had no light, you see, and——"

"We will both see," I interposed. "Wait till I get a lantern."

I ran for Flavia, and telling her to watch over Annabelle, I procured a lantern, and Reginald and I hurried from the house.

I knew where the double oak was, and therefore Reginald did not have to guide me thither.

"Look!" he said, when we reached the trees. "Here is where he knelt and labored. There is the hole in the ground."

I was on my knees before the words had left his togue, and my own hands were making the little excavation deepr.

Suddenly I uttered a cry and looked up into my companion's face.

"What is it, Miss Alice?"

"It seems to be a casket of some kind," I replied, and then I resumed work till my hands could force their way underneath the obstruction.

In another minute I was holding up to Reginald's gaze a small gilded jewel case from which I was brushing the last remnant of earth.

"You took him away a little too soon," said I. "This thing was the object of his quest."

The casket was fastened, and we did not seek to open it. When we returned to the house I placed it on the library table, so that it would be the first thing to greet his eyes, when he should enter the room, and then we stealthily withdrew.

While Reginald went up to see Annabelle, I left the house and strained my eyes through the darkened grove, wondering what had taken place at the pergola or elsewhere. Brooks was still absent, and I would have given much to have caught sight of his familiar form.

Suddenly, something darted past me and sprang upon the porch. I turned for a look, but it was already gone.

Down in the grove I heard a sound that indicated that some one was running, and fearing I might be in the runner's way, I fell aside and held my breath.

It was Brooks.

As he came alongside I threw out my hand, and the touch drew from him a wild cry.

"You, Miss Alice?" exclaimed the big fellow, as he leered into my eyes. "Did you see him?"

"Some one has evidently just entered the house."

"It was the doctor."

"Then——"

"The wrong one went to the net," interrupted Brooks. "No, I mean the wrong one went there first."

"I don't quite understand, Brooks. I——"

"I can't tell you now," he broke in. "I must find the mad doctor first," and he tore on, and I heard him stamping across the porch.

"Find him, then," I said through my teeth, in tones of vexation. "I'll see what the pergola reveals."

I went down through the darkened wood, knowing despite, the gloom, where to find my goal, and at last I stood near the spot.

The silence of death pervaded the place. I could make out the top of the summerhouse, between me and the glowing stars, but that was all.

Truly I was amazed at my own courage. I remained stationary for a few moments, and then advanced.

The "wrong one" had come to the pergola, Brooks had said. If that was true, where was Chamar Doaz, the Ceylonese?

I parted the curtain of vines that fringed the door of the arbor, and stared at the unspeakable darkness. It was all still beyond my hand.

I took a match from the pocket of my outer garment and scraped it along one one of the slats of latticework. The tiny flame flared up, dissipating the immediate gloom, and holding it before me, I peered into the place.

There was something on the floor.

I advanced another step, thrusting the light outward, and leaned over the inanimate thing.

All at once I recoiled with a cry. This was the thing Brooks had seen; this was the person who had come to the net.

"Teresa Hope!" welled from my throat, for my match had illumined the upturned face of the woman of passion lying on the floor of the pergola, and I drew off shuddering.

It was all over with Doctor Dunlape's fellow-conspirator.

Another match showed me more. I saw the darkish stain on her bosom, the splotches on her white hand, and the telltale slit in her dress.

Teresa Hope was dead.

My match went out none too soon for me, for I had seen enough. I flung the dying remnant at my feet and went out. The wind blessedly cooled my heated face. I stood there a moment and let it blow on me till my heart gave out normal beats once more.

Where was Chamar Doaz?

I drew the vines across the doorway and raced through the grove toward the house.

As I closed the front door I stood still at the sight of a bright light in the library. At the same moment a laugh of triumph fell upon my ears.

There was the master seated in his chair at the table, with the jewel casket open before him, and in his hands, with the light full upon it, was a necklace that sent back a thousand brilliant scintillations of leaping color.

The old man was laughing over the jewels which he had taken from the casket

I dared not disturb his happiness. As I drew back I must have made a slight noise, for he called my name, and I turned into the room.

"See!" cried Rostan Gosnold, holding the necklace up for my inspection. "My dead wife's jewels and Annabelle's wedding present!"

I went forward, and he placed the treasure in my hands.

"Where is Annabelle?" he cried, looking into my face. "Where is the angel Reginald is to wed?"

I might have answered him but for a strange noise on the broad staircase, sounds of a struggle and the voices of battling men.

In another instant something heavy fell at the foot of the stair and rolled into the light.

A shriek escaped my lips, as I recoiled, for the face of that something had become suddenly revealed, and I was staring at Doctor Dunlape, over whom towered the gigantic figure of David Brooks.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST FEAR DEPARTS.

"Have you a cord, Miss Alice?" asked the overseer as he caught sight of my blanched countenance. "I'd like to secure this man-tiger."

I ran to a drawer in the room and tossed Brooks a lot of cord, for which he smiled his thanks. In a few moments he had Doctor Dunlape securely bound, after which he carried him into the library and threw him into an armchair without ceremony.

There was a scowl on the man's face, as he glared at all of us, but more especially at his captor.

"What do you think this royal rascal was doing, Miss Alice?" queried Brooks. I shook my head.

"Bless me if he wasn't going to make a bonfire of us all," Brooks continued. "A nice fellow, don't you think?"

"Is this true, doctor?" sounded the voice of Rostan Gosnold, who had left his chair.

The man was silent.

"He was down on his knees in one corner of his room," explained Brooks. "I didn't break in a moment too soon. A match was in his hand, and in another minute, I fancy, there would have been lighted heavens in these parts."

The fiendishness of this baffled man was almost past comprehension.

"What has become of Teresa?" asked the master.

"I guess he knows," Brooks answered, looking at the scowling occupant of the armchair.

The doctor's gaze dropped to the carpet and rested there.

"You have failed, you and your companion," continued Rostan Gosnold. "The game is played to its finish. The unsigned will came back because some person had another one——"

"Here's the other one," interrupted Brooks, as a folded document fell upon the table. "It's signed, though."

The master took it up and cut the tape. I saw his gleaming eyes go down the page.

"It's a forgery!" burst from his throat. "It beggars Annabelle and enriches the parties who have played for high stakes," and he tore the paper in twain and threw the parts at his feet.

Darker than ever grew the face of the man in the armchair.

At that moment a sound struck upon every ear, and into the room, with the leap of a jungle king, sprang a lithe figure with a yellowish face and coal-black hair. I uttered a cry and recoiled. It was Chamar Doaz.

Forbes Dunlape turned ashen the moment his eyes alighted upon the Ceylonese. He could not leave his chair, for he was wedged into its narrow scope.

"Mercy!" rang from his throat.

The hand of Chamar Doaz was at his throat; I saw the blade that glittered above the yellow man's head, but I also saw the larger figure of Brooks lunge forward

The big fellow seized the Ceylonese and dragged him from his enemy. The knife fell ringing to the floor as Chamar Doaz tottered away. I saw no thanks in Doctor Dunlape's eyes for Brooks' interference; his face was as merciless as before.

Sleep came not to my eyes that night. At all hours I heard the restless wind among the branches of the hoary trees, and I sat at the window wondering what the new day would bring forth.

At daylight I saw Brooks go down through the grove, and I knew that his goal was the pergola.

Presently there came sounds of feet to my door, and I opened it to take Annabelle in my arms. She was white and shivering.

"Is it not all a dream, Miss Alice?" she asked as she pillowed her head on my breast. "I have been dreaming, have I not? There never was any Doctor Dunlape and no Teresa Hope? I have never seen Madame Mantelli? I have dreamed."

In the silence of that haunted hour I told her all, and felt her slender hand steal into mine and nestle there like a poor lost bird.

Brooks came up through the grove alone. I saw his drawn face and set teeth.

He cast a look toward my window and waved his hand at me.

I went downstairs and met him on the porch.

"I shall send Teresa back to the city," he said, as he stopped. "I found her address on her person. Chamar Doaz made a mistake last night. He struck the first person who came into his snare. It was Teresa and not the doctor, for whom he was lying in ambush. Oh, the mad doctor is safe enough! I've telegraphed to the city for the officers. I hope the last fear is over now."

I shuddered, even amid the delight which Brooks' words gave me.

The last fear! Surely I had passed through enough. Now the sunshine would come, and where the shadows had lain there would be brightness.

Without the movement of a muscle Doctor Dunlape passed from the old house and went down through the grove for the last time. His game had failed. He had played for the estate of Rostan Gosnold; he had tried to take more than

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one life with the dreaded nobi, and not only this—his hypnotic powers had caused Annabelle to carry out some of his base designs, for under the influence of the hypnotic spell, she had dropped the nobi into her uncle's glass, and had even poisoned her own night draught

I was reading to Rostan Gosnold the day after the doctor's departure, when the door was darkened by a figure, and upon looking up I beheld the Ceylonese.

The mysterious little man of the summer isle came bowing forward till he reached the table, when he thrust his hand into the folds of his garment.

The master and I watched him breathlessly.

Presently he drew forth a strand of pearls which he laid before us.

"For Annabelle when she is happiest," he said, with a smile that seemed to brighten all his face.

"That will be on her wedding day," answered the master

"And this for you, lady," resumed Chamar Doaz, "when you are happiest, too," and there fell into my lap a necklace which was the counterpart of the one for Annabelle.

I looked up into his face to thank him, but he was already bowing at the door, and the following moment he was gone.

In a few days there came startling news from the city.

The law would never deal with Forbes Dunlape, for he had eluded it with the expertness of the coward.

The man lay dead in his cell, and the sunlight would never fall upon him on the gallows

Then it was that Annabelle came to me, and putting her arms about my neck, told me that the wedding would occur within a fortnight, and laughed as she said that she would wear two necklaces—the one from the master and the pearls from the far-off summer seas.

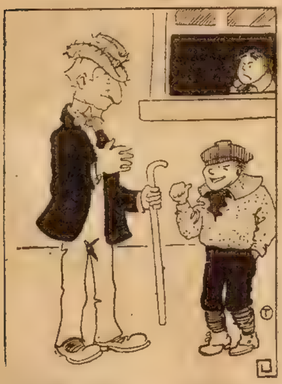
Flavia, seemingly piqued at something, I never learned what, left us suddenly, and Brooks and I were left alone to console each other in the strange house.

I must confess that we did that so well, that one day Annabelle placed Chamar Doaz's necklace about my neck, and said laughingly, that the last shudder had passed from the House of Fear

What a bright-eyed little prophetess she was. After that I found no gloom at Shadow Farm, and where Fear had reigned, Happiness sat enthroned, and long before Rostan Gosnold passed to his reward, my children and Annabelle's sat on his knees and kissed his pleasure-lit face.

The end.

* * *



Stranger—What are you laughing so heartily at, young man?

Willie—Why, I and my twin brother played sick from school and the hired girl took him for me and she gave him a double dose of medicine.

* * *

Hard Man to Please.

"But I don't want your cats, I tell you," roared the suburban resident. His visitor looked pained, though being just from Germany he couldn't understand a word of it all.

Three days before the suburbanite had been annoyed by his neighbor's cat. It had been chasing and killing his young ducks. He went to the fence and called, and this non-English-speaking person had come and jabbered and gesticulated, and finally had chirped gladly when he dragged him off and pointed squarely at the cat and then at the ducks

The neighbor was away; also his entire family, and this sandy-haired employe alone was left.

That night the suburbanite was awakened by a hammering on his door. Outside was the German. In his hand he triumphantly held a long, rakish-looking cat of a brindle color. This he offered proudly.

"Take it way!" said the suburbanite, giving the man a push. "Take it away, nein, nein!" The sandy-haired Samaritan smiled a puzzled smile

"Jah!" he said at last, and disappeared with his cat

In the morning he reappeared with a yellow cat in one hand and a tortoiseshell cat in the other. Whereat the suburbanite raved.

And now the German had appeared again, this time with more cats. Being a man who wanted people satisfied he had raked the country round about with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, and had brought every cat he could find And now none of them suited. It was too bad.

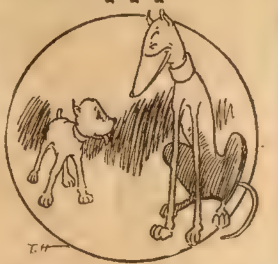
Then the suburbanite viewed the situation, coldly and calculatingly. There was but one thing to do. Taking a cat by the neck he hurled it across the fence, and shook his fist at the man.

Taking another cat, he hurled it also across the fence, threw up his hands and hopped about and yelled ferociously.

The sandy-haired man grew red at the insult, but being a well-trained man, he kept his temper down, and simply folded his arms like Napoleon and walked stiffly away.

Then the suburbanite went into the house and slammed the door. He had made himself understood at last.

* * *



Big Dog—What do you live on if you reside in a music store?

Little Dog—The boss throws me a few old trombones

* * *

Choosing a Career.

An English father consulted a friend as to what career he ought to select for his son, a boy of ten. The friend advised the father as follow:

"Lock your boy in a room where there is a Bible on the table, an apple, and some pieces of money. After a quarter of an hour open the door noiselessly and see what the boy is doing. If he is reading the Bible, make him a clergyman; if his attention is concentrated on the apple, make him a farmer; and if he is amusing himself by counting the money, it's plain that he is going to be a financier."

The experiment was tried, and when the friend inquired what the result was the father replied:

"I found him sitting on the Bible, he had pocketed the money, and was eating the apple."

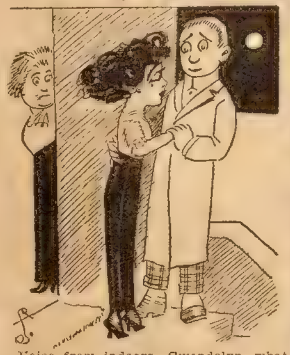
"Make him a member of Parliament, then," was the advice of the friend

* * *

Poor Penmen.

The handwriting of literary men is supposed to have improved during recent years, but there are still a few with a fondness for hieroglyphics. At a meeting of the Methodist confernce in Melbourne, recently, Rev. Dr. Fitchett, author of "Deeds That Won the Empire," and other popular works, handed up a resolution. The president looked at it, turned it upside down and roundabout, and at length gave it up in despair. The clerk was equally unable to decipher it. "I must ask Brother Fitchett," said the president, "to be good enough to rewrite his resolution and try to make it readable. At present it resembles a doctor's prescription."

* * *



Voice from indoors—Gwendolyn, what are you doing?

Gwendolyn—I'm looking at the moon, mother.

Voice from indoors—Well, tell the moon he'd better start for home or there'll be a total eclipse, for I hear your father coming downstairs.

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One live, wide-awake, hustling agent wanted in every community to take orders for our **fine, Made-to-Measure Clothes.** No matter about your age or previous experience, you can **make money** with our line; if you sell only one suit you earn from $2.00 to $7.00. Easy to secure orders—one customer brings you another.

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No better time to start than **right now.** We have reached that time of the year when everybody is interested in new clothes. The sooner you get **started** the sooner the **dollars will be rolling your way.** Go after your friends first, they are sure to order from you when they see what a **fine line of samples you have.**

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FREE OUTFIT—we will send you **free,** our agent's **handsome** outfit containing samples of the latest style, measuring tape, order blanks, instruction chart and everything necessary to start you in the business **at once.** Territory is now being rapidly set aside for new agents. Write at once for yours. **Act quickly.**

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We claim that for absolute purity, strength and delicious flavor, ***Ullman's Whiskey*** cannot be equaled at the price. The very first drink of this rich and mellow whiskey will convince you we are right. To induce you to try it, we offer you, absolutely free, with your first order, a bottle of genuine ***Dixie Cheer,*** a banquet beverage of surpassing quality, and a miniature bottle of rare old ***Athletic Club Whiskey.*** Here is our "just-in-order-to-prove" offer:

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ONE BOTTLE OF DIXIE CHEER FREE
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Now, make us prove it! This way: Send us your remittance for $2.85 and we will at once ship you—express prepaid—four full quart bottles of the celebrated ***Ullman's Private Stock Whiskey,*** one (1) bottle ***Dixie Cheer,*** and sample bottle ***Athletic Club;*** or remit us $5.00 and we will send you eight full quarts ***Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey*** with two (2) free bottles ***Dixie Cheer*** and two (2) bottles ***Athletic Club***—express prepaid. Glass and Corkscrew in every box. After you receive and test the whiskey, by drinking all you please, if you are not delighted with your purchase, just return it to us and we will at once refund your money. All goods shipped in plain sealed package. Anyone who is sincerely searching for the world's greatest whiskey value should not fail to take advantage of this wonderful "just-in-order-to-prove" offer.

Exceptions—We make an extra charge of 75c per gal. on all orders by express prepaid to Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, Dakotas and Colorado, or we will ship 30 qts., or more, by freight *prepaid* to points in these states without any extra charge. ***Send Us Your Order Today!***

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WHISKEY
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A BEAUTIFUL 31-PIECE DINNER SET FOR A FEW HOURS WORK

Do You Want This Beautiful Dinner Set?

Simply send us your name and address and we will send you one dozen boxes of our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE,** in handsome tin boxes, also one dozen **Beautiful Art Pictures** (no two alike), stores usually charge $1.00 each for them. Sell the salve at 25c per box and give one picture free. When you have sold all, send us the $3.00 and we will send you this beautiful 31 piece dinner set. Every piece full size handsomely decorated with violets and gold border. **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** has been used by millions for over 15 years and is the best remedy known for cuts sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, etc.

This is an opportunity you should not miss. Write to-day.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 54 Tyrone, Pa.

From Ear to Ear.

"What funny shaped finger bowls!"

"Oh, those are not finger bowls, miss; they are ear bowls. They are to use after eating corn on the cob."

Taken Literally.

She (as they encounter a vicious bulldog)—Go on, Percy, you know you said you would face death for me.

He—But he isn't dead

A THANKSGIVING CALAMITY.

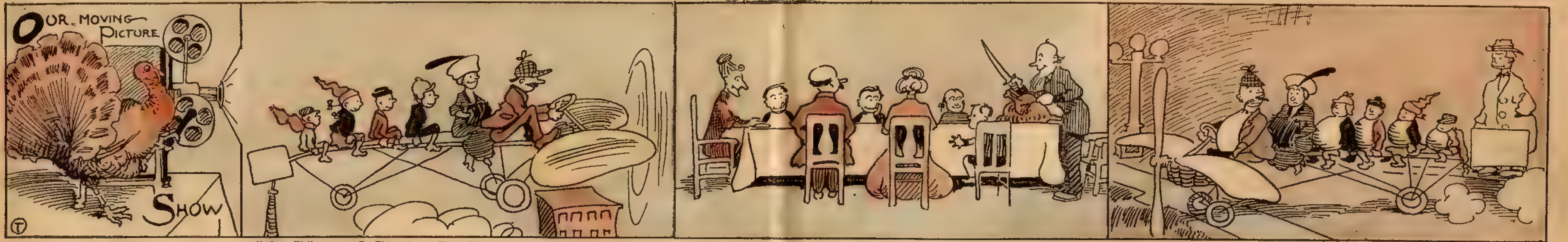
Told Him Why.

Mr. Nicefello (cautiously)—Why are you so cold and distant'

Sweet Girl (quietly)—The sofa is too heavy for me to move up to your chair

A Profound Silence

"Katie," said Mike, "if ye're after listening tonight and hear an inaudible whisper underneath your window, 'tis me silf that's keepin' quiet."



Father—Well, we are off. This going to Thansgiving dinner by aeroplane is certainly great

Grandpa—Fine to have you all here. Now, don't hesitate to pass up your plates for more

Fahter (starting home—Great Scott! I simply can't get the machine to leave the ground!

A Practical Youth.

After an absence of six years he came back to this, his home town. The changes astounded him. The big, beautiful modern buildings where tumbled down frame structures had been sent his sense of direction and proportion tumbling. He knew the streets by name, but they didn't seem a bit the same. In fact, one corner was as another to him. All of the blazed trees had been burned down and other trees had grown in their places.

So, a great deal bewildered, he stood on a prominent corner and looked around him. Then, turning to a newsboy, he said: "Young fellow, can you tell me where the Soandso Building is?"

The lad replied, cautiously: "How much is there in it for me?"

"A dime," said the man, handing it over.

The lad pocketed the coin and remarked: "This is it."

They were standing in front of the entrance.

Had Inside Information.

Family secrets will out. It has been the ambition of an Overbrook mother to marry her daughter to a young civil engineer who is on the road to brilliant success. But the young man, much in love with the daughter as he is, has not fully decided whether to ask her to marry him

Visiting at the home the other evening, the young man encountered little Bobbie.

"Are you going to marry sister?' asked the lad

Much embarrassed, the visitor stammered that he didn't know

"Well, you are," returned Bobbie, with emphasis.

Her Boast.

Little Nellie told Anita what she termed a "little fib."

"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie.'

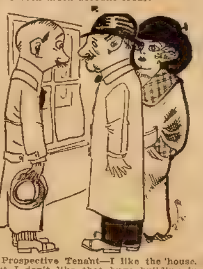
'No, it's not."

"Yes, it is, because my pa said so, and my father is a professor at the university"

"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father does."

Pure Sentiment.

The owner of a prosperous clothing store kept an apple enshrined in a crystal cabinet. "I do this for purely sentimental reasons,' he said; "if Eve hadn't eaten the apple the clothing business wouldn't have been much account today."



Prospective Tenant—I like the 'house, but I don't like that huge building in front. It's such a dreary outlook.

Agent—O, but that's only a gunpowder factory. It might explode any day

Bill's Dizziness.

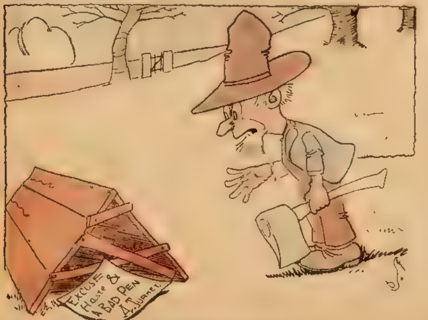
"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said the campaign worker. "I've hearn tell he's on the fence."

"He wuz thar," replied the neighbor; "but one of the candidates let fall a dollar on th' off side o' the fence, and Bill got dizzy an' fell over."

Buried Treasure.

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor to try to find the place where Methuselah stored his birthday presents."


EXCUSE HASTE & A BAD PEN

On Thanksgiving Morn.

Remarkable Happening.

An elderly gentleman of rural appearance had hardly seated himself in the crosstown car when a young lady who had followed him in approached him.

"Sir, did you lose a $5 bill?" she asked

For a moment the farmer observed her with a surprised, curious look, then said convincingly, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

"Then here it is," said she, handing the bill to him. "I picked it up behind you from the car floor."

"Thank ye very much, young lady, for your honesty. This is a most remarkable happening!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sir! I believe every one should return the money in such a case as this one. What is there so remarkable about it?"

"Why, I lost my $5 bill two years ago'

Lesson in Etiquette.

The captain was trying to impress upon the sailor the importance of saying "sir" in addressing his superior

'How's her head?" he asked

"Nor'-by-east," answered the old tar gruffly.

Another trial was without success.

'Let me take the wheel," said the skipper and you ask me the question "

"'Ow's her head," roared the sailor

"Nor'-by-east, sir," replied the captain.

"Keep her so, my man," said the old tar, "while I goes for'ard and has a smoke."

Wanted a Steady Job.

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit ," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."

Unable to Swim.

An Oklahoma editor was much interested in a scientific note he encountered in an Eastern paper, to the effect that if the earth were flattened, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.

The editor reprinted this note with the following comment:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There's a whole lot of us in this State who can't swim."

Missed the Train.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River where they can swim to their heart's content. As one little boy was getting into the water his little friend said:

'Johnnie, you're pretty dirty."

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year

Why He Came Home.

Jim had made an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the world and came back to the Tennessee town dirty, worn out and hungry

"Uncle John," he said melodramatically "I came home to die.'

'No, doggast you," said the unsympathetic Uncle John, 'you came home to eat.

Trapped.

"Well, we can get married now at any time. Papa says he has got enough spare cash to give me a nice wedding.

"Yes; he won it from me at poker last night, and now I haven't enough for our wedding trip."

He Didn't, Though.

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of books.

'You're welcome to read them in my library," replied the neighbor, ungraciously, "but it is my rule never to let my books leave my house."

Some weeks later the same neighbor came over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it there."

Sorry for Father.

"Say, ma, does God see everything we do

'Yes, my child '

'Even the little things around the house, ma—in the hall and diningroom and all around?'

"Yes, my child, everywhere."

After a moment's sympathetic contemplation in profound silence:

"Gee, I wouldn't like to be pa."

Don't Speak.

Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Brown and her next door neighbor, Mrs. Green, don't speak any more.

Mrs. Smith—That's good; the rest of the neighbors will now be able to take a nap in the afternoon

Wasn't Afraid

Wife (excitedly)—If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper

Husband—No danger, my dear A thing of that size is not easily lost.

A Discerning Husband.

"John, here are your slippers.'

"Thank you "

"And your smoking jacket."

'How good you are."

"And your pipe and your tobacco."

"That's kind"

"And now sit down. Let me read the paper to you, for I know you're tired!"

And then he looked inquiringly at her and said

"Mollie let's be perfectly candid with each other. What kind of a birthday present do you want?'

Having His Way.

"The cook says she is going to leave," said Mrs. Crosslots, mournfully.

"Are you sure she's in earnest?" responded her husband

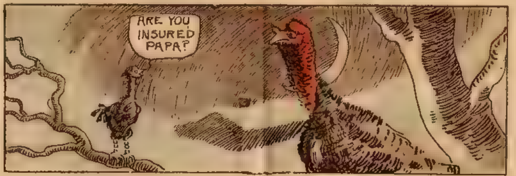
'Yes"

'Nothing will change her mind?"

"Nothing."

"All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her"

ANTE-MORTEM EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF T. GOBBLER JR.


ARE YOU INSURED PAPA?

An embarrassing question by his youngest hopeful results in a visit to an insurance agent

With the following result:

"Say, mister, I'd like to get my life insured.'

"Are you in good health?"

"Yes, sir, perfect, except a slight nervousness"

"No chronic complaint?"

"Only one, and that's against the turkeybals."

"What's a turkeybal?"

"Something like a cannibal, except that you insert 'turkey" instead of folks."

"How old was your father when he—er—went to his last reward?"

"He didn't have any last reward."

"I mean, how old was he when he—er—met he Grim Reaper?"

"Who—old farmer Smith?"

'Yes, how old was he when he passed hence?"

He was past tense at the ripe old age of 8 months and 26 days."

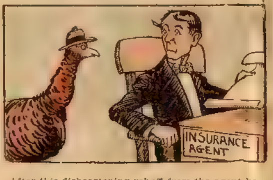
"How old was your mother?"

"Eight months and 26 days

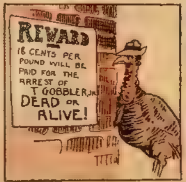
"How old are you?"

"Eight months and 23 days."

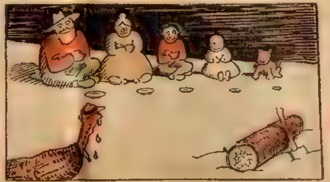
'Please call around in about four days



After this disheartening rebuff from the agent he


REWARD
16 CENTS PER POUND WILL BE PAID FOR THE ARREST OF T. GOBBLER, JR. DEAD OR ALIVE!

returns home, where he sees sign of trouble.



After which he pays a visit to the tombs of his ancestors and picks out his last resting place.

A Compromise.

"You look seedy, old chap," said the bachelor to the married man. "Anything wrong? Income tax? Burst boiler? Measles?"

"No, just a little domestic worry," the married man answered, knitting his worried brow. "You see, I want the hall door painted red, and my wife wants it to be painted green. And now we hardly speak to each other."

"Why not compromise," said the bachelor.

The married man cried: "Good idea!" and hurried off. Next day they met again.

"It worked splendidly!" exclaimed the married man in reply to the bachelor's query. "I told my wife your advice and she agreed at once."

"Well, and what color is the door to be painted?" asked the bachelor

"Green!" said the married man.

After the Scrap.

"What did you do on your way to school this morning, Harold?" asked Harold's dear mamma.

"Nothin' much. I met the new feller that's just moved in next door to us."

"But the teacher has just written me a note informing me that you were a half hour late for school."

"Huh! That ain't nothin'. You'd orter see the new kid next door He never got to school at all!"

Enough on Mind.

Dr. Harvey W Wiley, pure food expert of the Government, who has been pestered with charges by colleagues, went around Washington last summer without a hat.

"What's the idea, Doc?" asked a friend "What's what idea?"

Trying the sun cure for the bald spot? Why don't you wear your hat?"

"Oh, I've got enough on my mind without that," said the doctor.

A Modest Witness.

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?

Witness—Yes, sir. More than half of them.

Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?

Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing swear that I know more than all of them put together.

He Got Busy.

"Well, Bluff, did you have a good time" asked the country dog whose lame leg had kept him at home.

"You betcha!" grinned the other dog, who had been permitted to accompany his master to the village. "I caught 'leven o' them fresh town dogs with their muzzles on!"

Orphans.

A Lutheran refrain, "The Devil is Dead," was once being chanted by two Oxford undergraduates as they lounged about the hall of Cuddesdon Palace Gently walking up to them, Bishop Wilberforce placed one hand on each head, saying: "Alas! poor orphans

Discouraging.

"Truth," said the orator who quotes, "is at the bottom of a well "

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "an' ain't it discouragin' how the wells hev been runnin' dry this summer '

What He May Expect.

Suitor—You will doubtless bear me out when I say I love you.

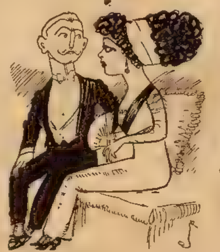
Lady (coldly)—Oh, no! Either papa or the coachman will do that.

Would Kill Her.

Smpathetic Visitor—Mrs. A. what do you suppose makes you suffer so?

Mrs. A.—I don't know, I'm sure, and I believe nothing but a post mortem will ever show

S. V.—You poor thing! You are so weak you could never stand that.



He—I wish we were well enough acquainted for you to call me by my first name

She (shyly)—Your last name will be quite good enough for me, dear.

Down on the Club.

Hub—Pillsbury never comes to the club but he acts the fool.

Wife—Perhaps he believes in the saying: "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

Afraid.

"I understand that pugilist is mortally afraid of a little hting like a mosquito."

"Yes. He reached for one once and accidentally gave himself an upper cut."

Homesick.

"You know," said Westbrook, "I've lived here in Ohio in sight of the Big Four Railroad all my life. Once I went to Nebraska for horses and had to stay two months. In six weeks I was almost desperate with homesickness. Crossing a railroad one day I saw a Big Four freight car standing on the siding. I just hitched my horse under a tree and visited with that car all afternoon"

An Old Story.

See the man! And the woman! The man needs to mend his ways and for that has the woman married him.

Precisely.

Will her sacrifice avail anything?

Oh, no—not a blessed thing!

What, then, does it all signify?

Merely that mending is woman's work —Puck.

A Poor "Worm."

Yeast—It is said that silkworms fed on different leaves produce silks of varied colors; thus vine leaves produce a bright red, and lettuce an emerald green

Crimsonbeak—Well, when this particular worm produces a silk dress for his wife, he doesn't feel like eating anything for a month!

That Size.

"What size piece of ice did the man leave this morning, Katie?"

"Well, I'll tell you, ma'am. You see I went to strain the water off it, and the piece of ice went through the strainer!"

He Wondered.

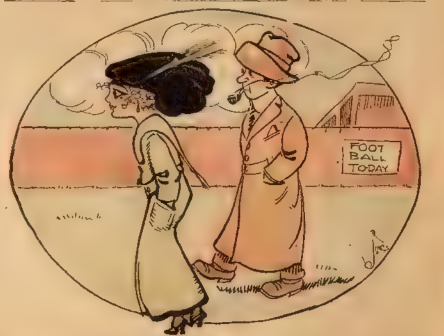
The Benedict—I see only about one in every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary.

The Bachelor—Do you suppose they get tired of living?

Our Fashions.

"What do you think of Mrs. Smith's waist?"

"Well, she seems to have so much, and yet she hasn't any!"



Mabel—Did Pushem get through the game all right?

Harry—Yes, he came out in good shape; he left only two teeth, half an ear, three fingers and an eyebrow on the field.

Slain on the Stage;
Or, THE MINNA GORSDEN MYSTERY
By George T. Hargreaves

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CHAPTER XVI.
JANET'S ENCOUNTER.

THIS KNIFE that lay across her palm looked enough like that other to be the same. Or—and her eyes went sharply up to the double scabbard hanging on the wall—was it the mate of that other which Phil had found in Hawkins' dressingroom?

The suggestion fairly shocked her. But her sharp mind was quick to piece out the possibilities of her discovery. This stiletto that she had found was the companion weapon of the one that had been used to kill Miss Gorsden. That companion weapon was the property of the actor. Who could doubt that it had been removed from this very scabbard and employed in that cowardly tragedy? Who could doubt now that Hawkins, despite all his pleas of innocence, had wielded the weapon that removed his secret wife?

As she stood arraying these vital conjectures, she heard the returning footsteps of the actor. Fearing that he would discover her replacing the stiletto, she hastily thrust it into the bosom of her gown and lapsed into her chair.

Hawkins came in with a server laden with glasses, a dish of fruit, some cake, and two bottles of wine.

"Had to ransack the larder for this," he smiled amiably. "Hope you'll be satisfied."

"You shouldn't have troubled yourself," she forced herself to say pleasantly. "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty."

He opened a bottle and filled two glasses with the bubbling amber liquid. Passing her one of them, he took the other and seated himself close beside her.

"To the success of the Star's young woman sleuth," he toasted her, raising his glass to his lips and draining the contents.

For reply, she leaned forward and replaced her untouched portion upon the table. He took advantage of her position to stretch his arm across the back of her chair.

As she reclined again, she felt the tips of his fingers upon her shoulder. Instantly she darted forward again.

"Please don't do that," she cried.

"Why not?" he replied insinuatingly, and instead of removing his arm he threw it about her waist and drew her to him.

The girl struggled away.

"Come, a kiss, my pretty girl," he coaxed. "I've never kissed a newspaper woman."

"Well, you'll not kiss me," she flamed, rising to her feet in anger. "If this is what you have to tell me, let me go at once or I'll call the police!"

"The police?" he laughed. "Why neither they nor any one else will hear you. These walls are deadened." And rising, he placed his glass upon the table and darted toward her.

Before she could elude him, he again had his arm about her and bent his face toward hers.

"A kiss, my pretty one," he chuckled as he drew her closely to him. "I'll have one if I have to choke you for it."

But Janet Price was not so easily mastered. She remembered well all the tricks of the jiu jitsu art which Phil Pry had carefully taught her for use in emergencies. She thought of the weapon she had concealed in her bosom, but she instantly decided not to use it at this stage, lest Hawkins' discovery that she had purloined it might lead to the defeat of its possibility in solving the Gorsden tragedy.

Instead, she bent an arm sharply and jammed the elbow with all her strength against the jaw of her assailant. The blow both surprised and for an instant stunned him. Before he could recover she caught his wrist with her other hand and twisted it so sharply upward that he cried out with pain and staggered away from her.

Freed, she started for the door of the apartment. But before she could reach it, Hawkins was after her like an angry wolf. He seized her again, this time about the shoulders, and dragged her toward him.

With a strangling cry she slipped downward and escaped him. As he came on once more, she raised her arm and let him drive his face squarely into her tightly clenched fist.

Again he fell back dazed, only to charge again with growing anger.

"Damn you," he grunted as he caught her savagely by the shoulders. "I'll make you suffer for this!"

He twisted her about until she faced him. Then he threw an arm about her waist and fixed the fingers of his other hand into her soft, creamy throat.

"You will fight back, will you?" he hissed as he shook her violently. "I'll teach you to resist."

She felt her breath being cut off by his wolfish grip on her neck. She bethought herself again of the weapon she had hidden in her gown, and waveringly raised her hand to drag it forth for defense. But he struck her arm down, released the hand with which he had encircled her waist, and giving her throat a final clutch, let go his hold there and struck her a brutal blow upon the cheek.

She staggered away from him and collapsed in a heap upon the floor. Only half-conscious, she still had realization enough of the value of artifice left to feign complete insensibility.

He looked down at her with a malignant leer upon his face, and then, with an oath, crossed the room and helped himself to another full glass of the wine.

"Fight me, eh?" he muttered as he ran his fingers across the spot on his chin where Janet's elbow had caught him. "Damn her, she's a regular tiger! But I'll fix her yet!"

He drained another glass of the liquor before he turned to look at her as she lay upon the floor.

"It won't be safe to let her go now," he mumbled. "She'll be sure to raise a row. No use talking, Annabelle and I have got to get out of here. This town is getting too hot for us."

Again he refilled his glass and tossed its contents off at a single gulp. His hand was beginning to shake—whether from the liquor he had so hastily swallowed or from the increasing embarrassment of his situation, it would be hard to say.

"What'll I do with her, anyway?" he went on to himself, as he looked distractedly about the apartment. "I know," he chuckled. "I'll make it look like an attempted suicide. Or it'll be better still if the attempt is a success and she really dies."

As if to celebrate the birth of his miserable inspiration, he gulped down the glass of wine he had poured for Janet. Then he threw off his coat, walked unsteadily toward the prostrate girl, and picking her up in his arms with difficulty, carried her out of the room and along the hall.

At the bathroom door he stopped and listened. Reassured, he stepped into the room and deposited his burden upon the narrow rug. Then he snapped on the electric light, saw that the small window was tightly closed, and glanced again at the slender figure on the floor.

His strong, handsome face worked spasmodically as he stepped over Janet's body and fastened his quivering fingers upon the gas jet. He turned the flow half on, but made no move to apply a match to it. In an instant the odor of escaping gas reached his nostrils.

A gleam of hatred shot from his eyes as he once more looked at the recumbent figure of the girl. Then he snapped off the electric current, leaving the room in a half-light, and stepped out into the hall, closing and locking the door behind him.

His purpose, cunning and diabolical, was plain now. He purposed to allow Janet to remain a prisoner in the bathroom until the flow of gas he had partly turned on, slowly asphyxiated her. He would call it a suicide, for who was there to refute him? He had not yet worked out an explanation for the girl's presence in his apartments. His brain was too befuddled with the wine he had so recently guzzled to undertake the intricate problem of working out a defense.

As he went back to his parlor, he chuckled to himself over his stratagem. Then, when he had hastily swallowed another glass of the liquor, he donned his coat, blurting to himself:

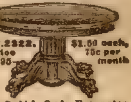
"Chester, old boy, you're clever, blamed clever. Nobody'll ever suspect you. She'll be out of the way with whatever she may have gathered against us, and there'll be nobody to say I did it. Besides, it's only what the blamed little upstart deserves for mixing in here. She was clever, though, wasn't she? That was an awful smash she reached me on the chin. And pretty, too! But she wouldn't kiss," and he laughed in a half-maudlin way.

He edged down the hall again, stopping at the bathroom door to listen for a sign of life within. But there was none. Then he hurried on out of the place, leaving his fair young victim on the verge of death.

CHAPTER XVII.
PREPARING FOR A ROUND-UP.

Janet, weakened by her harsh experience, lay half-conscious on the bathroom floor until the inhalation of the thin flow of gas caused her to gag and cough. That seemed to remove the cloud from her brain. With an effort she slowly rose to a sitting posture.

She was amazed as she looked around at the strange surroundings. They were all absolutely new to her. Then she sniffed suspiciously. She was sure



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she smelled gas. With languid eyes she looked up at the jet. Yes, it was turned half on. Dully it came to her that she was inhaling escaping gas, and that ultimately it would kill her. Yet she did not have sufficient energy to rise and turn the dangerous flow off. It seemed easier to remain where she was and go to sleep. Sleep was coming so easily to her.

In this perilous situation she became dimly aware of a pain, a soreness in her cheek. Then it flashed upon her, like a lightning glint out of a gray, heavy sky, how she had come by that pain. Chester Hawkins' brutal fist had inflicted it!

The recollection served to rouse her further. She summoned every last ounce of strength, and slowly dragged herself to her feet. Standing, she swayed like a sapling in a strong breeze. Then she lunged toward the gas jet with one hand outstretched to shut off the escaping gas.

But she missed it by an inch and collapsed into a heap on the floor. Her head began to ache and her eyes to feel as if they were being forced from their sockets. Her mouth and throat grew parched and raw. Vaguely she wondered if this were the beginning of death.

Her thoughts reverted to Phil Pry. Oh, if he would only come! And he would come, too, she knew, if he only knew of her peril.

Recalling him, she spurred herself to another effort. Slowly and painfully she got to her knees. Grasping the side of the bathtub, she managed to drag herself to her feet. Unsteadily she reeled until her back found the support of the door. Then, with a murmured prayer for help upon her paling lips, she reached waveringly up to the gas jet and slowly closed it.

Half an hour later, Phil Pry, having wormed his way into the Hawkins' apartment by subsidizing hall-boy, porter, and janitor, detected the faint odor of gas. In his search he came upon the wine bottles which Hawkins had emptied. The sight stirred him to increased activity

Every room was searched without success until he reached the door of the bathroom. He dropped upon his knees and applied his nose to the crack at the sill.

"It's here," he exclaimed, and he rose and tried to open the door.

But the lock barred him. Then he pounded upon it. Listening intently, he imagined he detected a low moan.

"Janet, Janet!" he cried. "Are you a prisoner?"

Again came that low moan from within. He put his shoulder to the panels, and with a tremendous blow forced the lock. The door burst open. In the half-light, he beheld the figure upon the floor.

He fell upon his knees to touch the face. It was still warm. Then he grasped the hands. They, too, gave evidence of life. One gave other evidence, also. Upon a finger Phil felt a ring. Lifting the hand he detected a sparkle from the stone the band of gold held.

"My Janet," he murmured, instantly recognizing the engagement token he had given the girl months before, "my poor Janet!"

Tenderly he caught her up and carried her to an armchair in another room. In the light he was appalled at her appearance. With eyes closed, cheeks as pale as death, and lips as colorless, he feared for her life.

Throwing open a window, he lifted the girl to a seat close beside it, where a cool night breeze, caressing her face, did more to revive her than drugs could have done.

"Dear, dear girl," soothed Phil, as he stroked her hands, "what has that scoundrel done to you? I'll make him suffer for this."

Janet's first sign of returning consciousness was in the quivering of her fingers. Then she breathed more deeply, as if there were life in the fresh air flowing in at the opened window. A moment later her eyelids fluttered and then wavered open.

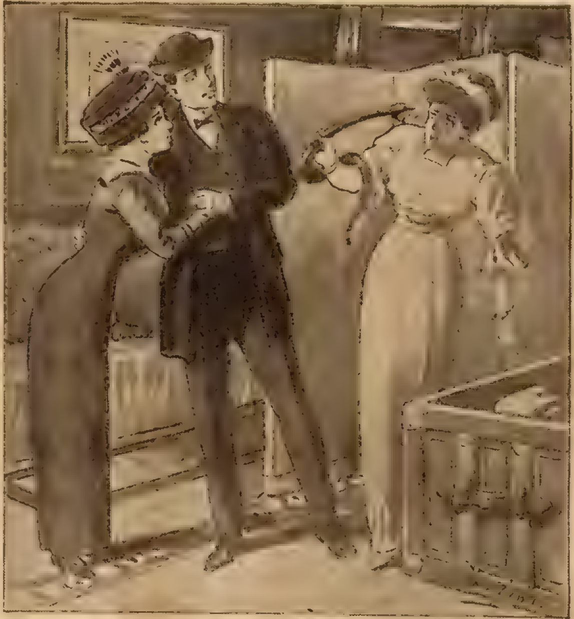
Vacantly and slowly she glanced about until she beheld the figure of her sweetheart. A happy smile flittered across her white face.

"Ah," she breathed slowly, "I'm safe!"

Half an hour later, fully revived by Phil's earnest ministrations, she was strong enough to describe to him her encounter with the actor, including his attempt to end her life by gas, and her mighty struggle to turn off the fatal flow before consciousness left her completely.

"Brave, brave girl!" the reporter exclaimed, as he redoubled his attentions. "We've got him in an attempted case of murder, even if we haven't got him for the Gorsden crime."

"Oh, but I think we've got him for that, too!" Janet returned, as a pink flush mounted her cheeks. "Look here," and from the confines of her gown she drew the duplicate stiletto she had found in the actor's collection.



"I'm bitten, I'm bitten!"

Phil grasped the weapon with avidity. His first glance caused him to clutch his own pocket eagerly. He was relieved to find the weapon he had discovered in Hawkins' dressingroom. But his face showed bewilderment as he drew it forth, and laying the two knives side by side, saw that they were exact mates.

"Where did you get yours?" he asked, marveling.

"Out of there," and Janet pointed to the emptied scabbard on the wall.

"By Jove! That's circumstantial evidence enough to hang a man in some States," the reporter blurted.

"And send Chester Hawkins to the electric chair in this State?" inquired the girl.

Phil shook his head doubtfully. "I'm not so sure of that," he finally said. "However, I'm going to give the precious pair of them the hottest gauntlet to run they've ever had in their lives."

Janet looked her curiosity.

"Yes, I'll tell you, dear," her lover answered. "And then we'll go over and corner them. But first let me get some aid."

Over the 'phone, Phil got in communication again with Chief of Police Flann, though he had to call him out of bed.

"Chief, I want some help for a roundup on this Gorsden case."

"Think you've got 'em, eh?" snapped the chief cynically.

"No, but I think I'm going to get them," retorted Phil.

"How?"

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couple of good detectives and a squad of 'plain clothes' men."

"Where do you want them?"

"At Broadway and Sixtieth street, in half an hour."

"They'll be there."

Then, with a grim smile, Phil turned to his sweetheart. Hurriedly he narrated to her his experiences with Hawkins and Annabelle Wesson during the preceding hour.

"Now those two—Hawkins and Miss Wesson—between them, I am convinced, know the real secret of the killing of Miss Gorsden," the reporter wound up. "I'm not so sure that either of them actually did it. In fact, from remarks dropped, I am beginning to believe they inveigled another to wield the fatal blow. But they are the instigators. They are accessories both before and after the crime. And I'm going to face them down with detectives behind me, and try to break their nerve."

"Tonight?"

"Surely. There's only one time to strike in a case like this an dthat is now. I'll call a taxi," he said, moving again to the 'phone, "and send you home."

"Oh, no you won't do anything of the kind!" the girl responded spiritedly. "If this thing's to be seen out tonight, I'm going to help see it out. Besides, I don't bear Mr. Hawkins the best of feeling."

"You see, dear," explained Phil, "if we waited until morning, we might find the Hawkins coop empty. The scent is so warm that they're about ready to fly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SERPENT STINGS.

Phil and Janet entered the taxicab found waiting at the door. He ordered the chauffeur to hurry them to the home of Miss Carringford in Fifty-seventh street.

"I'm going to take her along," explained the reporter to his companion, "because she will probably be handy. I want her to be in at the death."

Little did he realize how close to truth his words were to prove.

It took some persuasion to get the actress to accompany them, but she finally consented, robing herself with the quickness of the stage woman. Then back to Broadway and Sixtieth they hustled.

Phil spotted the detectives and 'plain clothes' men as soon as he stepped from the cab. To Tom Halsey, the officer in charge, he said:

"I want you and another detective to go upstairs with me. Scatter the rest of your force about No. 99 along here"—pointing up Sixtieth street—"front, back and sides, so that no one can make a getaway. Have them look out for 'Muggsy' Halligan and his gang. I think there are some of them placed about there waiting for me."

Halsey posted his men to cut off any attempted escape, but reported that none of the gang was in sight.

Then the four—Phil, Janet, Miss Carringford, and the detective—climbed the stairs to the door of Hawkins' apartment. The reporter's watch registered ten minutes past twelve. He pushed the electric button, but there came no response.

"They've flown or they're afraid," he whispered.

He tried the bell again. Then he rapped heavily on the door panel.

Listening intently, he heard a light step approach the door from within. Then came a voice he recognized as that of Hawkins, in spite of the low tone in which it was pitched:

"Less noise out there! You'll have the whole building aroused. What's wanted at this hour of the night?"

"You're wanted," responded Phil decisively, "and your friend within, Miss Wesson."

"For what? And who are you?"

"Open the door and you'll quickly find out both things."

"It's a bluff. You're that newspaper reporter from the Star around again. Go on away."

"Open the door at once, Chester Hawkins, in the name of the law, or we'll break it down."

There was a moment of silence, at the end of which the actor unsnapped the lock and swung the door open.

As he glanced out into the dull light of the hall, his face, which showed haggard and pale, filled with an expression akin to terror when he beheld, not only Phil, but Janet, whom he had left dying only a short time before, Hazel Carringford, his old and forsaken inamorata, and a stranger who increased the actor's fear by tossing back the lapel of his coat and revealing underneath it the emblem of his police authority.

Phil entered the apartment boldly, followed by the two women. Hawkins slunk against the wall to let them pass, and made a move as if to dart out and away. But the detective pushed him back, and made him return with the others.

An awesome sight greeted them as they reached the door of the room where the reporter had first confronted Annabelle Wesson. In the middle of the apartment stood the soubrette, her creamy arms and bust showing through the delicate lace gown she wore. The room bore many signs of preparations for flight. A large trunk lay open and almost filled with an heterogeneous collection of women's apparel. Into two suitcases were being crowded Hawkins' attire.

But the sight that transfixed the arrivals was furnished by the actress. She stood at a table with her pet snake gathered within the fold of one arm, while with the other she held open the mouth of the silk bag in which she stored the reptile and vainly sought to force it within.

Annabelle kept her eyes fixed upon the serpent, which had reared its flat and ugly head, and was darting out its blood-red fangs as if in anger. She talked and cooed to it, but her wiles appeared in vain.

Then for a bare instant, impelled by her woman's curiosity, she lifted her eyes toward the door. Beyond Phil, beyond Janet, her gaze appeared to go, and settled on Hazel Carringford. The soubrette's face underwent an appalling transformation. Her cheeks whitened. Her eyes glazed in a deadly fear.

"My God!" she cried. "The Carringford!"

She had cause for terror. For in that flash of the eye she had cast at the newcomers, the snake, free from the spell of its mistress' glance, shook its repulsive head savagely, and then struck its venomous fangs into her fair throat.

Before she could raise a hand to ward off the danger, the fangs were sunken once more into her flesh.

"I'm bitten, I'm bitten!" the woman screamed hysterically. "Oh, Sweetie, you've killed me."

She sank upon the couch, her twisting face gray-white. The snake, free from restraint, curled to the floor and slowly writhed to the invading party. But Phil's hand was quick. From the pocket of Hawkins' coat, he drew his revolver and sent a bullet fairly between the gleaming eyes of the serpent. It collapsed in a faintly writhing heap.

The reporter leaped to the side of the stricken actress. He drew away the lace from the spots where she had been bitten. Two blue marks, as from a slight bruise showed, constantly growing larger.

"Hawkins," Phil asked tensely, "bring any whisky you have in the place."

Annabelle looked up at him piteously.

"It's no use!" she whispered. "It's no use! That bite is fatal. Nothing can save me."

"Courage, courage!" said the reporter. Then to Halsey, the detective. "A doctor, quick! Use the telephone here."

"No use, no use!" Annabelle screamed brokenly. "Sweetie's bite can't be cured. Oh, Sweetie, why did you do it?"

On his knees beside the writhing woman, Phil suggested: "Can't I draw the poison out with my lips? Let me try," and he bent over the wounds.

"No, no," she gasped. "You'd only harm yourself. I know, I know! Oh, what will become of me?"

When Hawkins came with a bottle of whisky and glasses, she shook her head wearily.

"No use! I won't take the stuff!" she cried passionately. "I've drunk more than I should in my day. But no more now, no more!"

Suddenly, arms and limbs became rigid. Her eyes seemed to sink back into her head. Her face grew ghastly.

"I'm dying," she whispered painfully. "I'm dying." Then as her eyes settled again on the figure of Hazel Carringford, she sighed, "She's not to blame."

"To blame for what?" the reporter asked quickly.

"For Minna Gorsden's death," came faintly.

Then with an effort, Annabelle raised herself on an elbow.

"I must tell it," she wailed, "I must tell it! I can't die with that on my soul!"

CHAPTER XIX.

ANNABELLE'S CONFESSION.

Annabelle Wesson, Hazel Carringford and Chester Hawkins never participated in any mimic stage scene half so dramatic as this one from real life.

The soubrette was plainly near death—a shocking death. From the two spots in her neck where the snake had bitten her, a blackness as of a bruise was spreading to face and bosom, and promised ultimately to cover her entire body. Her features were contorted by agony. Her eyes roved from the face of Miss Carringford to that of Hawkins and back again.

The actor sneaked back into a corner of the room, evidently trying to escape that public gaze of which he erstwhile had been so fond. His face was drawn by fear. Occasionally he looked appealingly toward the figure on the couch, as if he would seal her lips against any disclosures.

Miss Carringford, calm yet apprehensive, alternately tried to soothe the stricken woman and to quiet her own pounding heart by pressing her hand to her bosom.

Phil Pry, still on his knees beside the soubrette, urged on the confession that the living might benefit. Janet stood soberly by, anxious to render aid, and the detective guarded the door.

"Chester," Annabelle wailed feebly, "you always told me Sweetie would end me this way, but I couldn't believe it. My eyes had such power." She paused a minute for breath. "Sweetie came from the Amazon country. They told me

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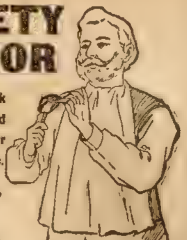

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the 'bite' was 'fatal—quickly fatal—that nothing could cure it. And they were right."

"Courage, courage," murmured Phil. "We'll have a doctor here in a few moments, and he'll bring you round."

"No, no, it's no use!" she cried. "I can feel my eyes growing dim even now."

"What is it about Miss Carringford?" the reporter urged.

"Oh, yes. I mustn't forget that," the actress sighed. "I'll tell you how Minna died—the truth."

Phil tossed a pencil and his pad of paper to Janet.

"Take it down in shorthand," he instructed. "It's an ante-mortem statement."

And with curls and dots and dashes Janet preserved the full text of the confession.

"I was jealous," Annabelle began, with quavering voice, her eyes resting in a dreamy way on Hawkins, "jealous of Chester. I loved him so. I knew Hazel did, too, and I hated her, and I hated Minna because she was his wife. I wished, oh, how I wished that she would die! I wanted him for my husband. And he had promised to be as soon as he was free. Didn't you?"

Hawkins nodded his head convulsively.

"I wished so hard and so long that Minna would die that I finally found myself scheming how I could bring her death about," the soubrette went on pantingly. "Of course I didn't want to do it myself. Then I remembered that I had always had an hypnotic eye. I could control many people almost instantly. I suppose my power over Sweetie was a part of it. I schemed and schemed. Once or twice I tried my power on Hazel here when she was not suspecting. It worked. I was so glad that I sang. Horrible, wasn't it?"

The blue course of the poison was slowly creeping higher into the doomed woman's face. Her fingers began to twitch and her eyes to glaze.

"Last week," she went on, her voice gradually sinking lower, "I got his promise that he would marry me just as soon as Minna was out of the way. No, I didn't tell him I was going to kill her. He's innocent of that. But I figured it all out carefully. I took the long thin stiletto from his collection, and last night, just as I saw his wife sitting in the wing as I came off, I decided to use it. I had carried it in my bosom for days.

But I was clever." There was almost a smile on her distorted features. "You'll say I was. Hazel came off the stage just behind me. I seized her arm and exerting every last atom of my hypnotic power, I threw her almost instantly under my control. It was quite dark. I thrust the stiletto into her hand. I drew her along, until, by lightly touching the canvas of the wing, I knew just where Minna's back rested. Then I shoved Hazel forward and muttered, 'Strike now, strike right through the heart!' And she struck."

Miss Carringford, with eyes slowly widening with horror under the recital, collapsed into a chair with a moan of anguish.

"Oh, but you're not to blame!" Annabelle shrieked at sight of the other's distress. "Youre not to blame! I'm the murderess! I'm the murderess!"

"And then—?"

"And then?" urged Phil, anxious to have the confession completed.

"I led her down to Chester's dressing-room, made her drop the knife in an umbrella standing there and then took her to her dressingroom and restored her to herself. I was frighteden for a few minutes, but I pulled myself together. And I've been pretty cool ever since, now, haven't I?"

She was gasping distressingly when she finished, but her fast dimming eyes seemed to glow with satisfaction now that the narrative was completed.

"And about Hawkins?" Phil quizzed. "Didn't he know anything of the crime before or after?"

"Nothing before," she panted, then stopped as she beheld the actor's hand raised as if in warning.

"Or after?" the reporter presisted.

Her eyelids wavered, but she answered neither yes, nor no. She was sinking fast now. Her entire face was a blue-black, making a horrifying spectacle. Limbs, hands and fingers were rigid as boards.

"Tell him I want to—speak with—him," she whispered, so faintly that Phil had to bend quite close to her lips to understand.

He motioned Hawkins to the side of the dying woman. The actor knelt tremblingly.

"Please—kiss—me," she murmured.

He barely touched her black lips with his own.

"Tell—the truth," she whispered. "It is better."

Then with a little sigh she ceased to breathe.

"I knew it," Hawkins muttered thickly, as he rose, "but not until afterward." Then he dropped into a chair, buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

At half-past one the same morning, Phil called the Star on the 'phone.

"Get somebody to take this story quickly!" he cried.

"What story?"

"The solution of the Gorsden murder," he snapped, exhausted mentally and physically, and thereupon he dictated a marvelously graphic description of his discoveries.

Needless to say, the Star that morning again "scooped" the city with another of Phil Pry's detective achievements.

"And now I'll take you home, Janet," he said when he had completed his report to the office.

In the shadow of a taxicab seat, he drew the girl close to him.

"This is the last detective case you are going to work on as Janet Price," he said, with a smile.

"Why so? Hasn't my work been satisfactory?" she asked, regretfully.

"Altogether," he assured her as he caressed her hair with his lips. "So satisfactory, in fact, that the next case you work on will be as Mrs. Phil Pry."

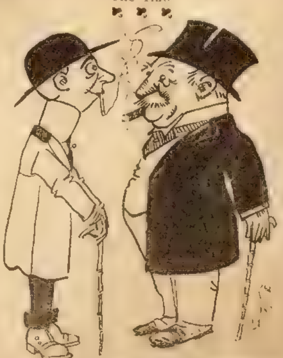
* * * * *

Hazel Carringford was promptly absolved from all guilt in connection with the death of Minna Gorsden, but Chester Hawkins went to Sing Sing for five years as an accessory after the fact.

However, Phil Pry was not quite satisfied with his conduct of the entire case until, by deft and pleasing offices, he had reconciled the mother of the murdered actress to the aged actor Caryll Torrey, and Janet and he had arranged a quiet little wedding.

The End

* * *



Father—You ought to be [illegible] of yourself, Dick; you [illegible] year, and you haven't earned a penny yet. At your age I had already married a woman with $50,000

* * *

Marriage Superstitions.

Despite the fact that the large majority of people in this age believe in few superstitions, there are still a number of beliefs concerning love and marriage which are given credence. Some of them are quaint, a great many are silly, but all are interesting in relation to how they could have arisen.

Have you ever seen a girl stumble upstairs and laugh as if she enjoyed the accident? Well, this fall means that her marriage day is near at hand and is considered an infallible sign. Have you ever seen a pretty girl bowing three times to a new moon? She does so in the belief that the little ceremony will bring her a new sweetheart.

Every girl knows that it is unlucky to marry a man whose surname commences with the same letter as her own. The old couplet "Change the name not the letter, marry for worse and not for better," holds as good today as it did in bygone ages, though why it should be considered unlucky for Miss Smith to marry Mr. Smalley is beyond the comprehension of the unsuperstitious. However, there are many girls who have refused a man for this very reason.

There is another superstition which a girl in love does not dare defy. It is the belief that her sweetheart must not be watched out of sight, for this portends that the meeting will be a last one. If she has several admirers, and wishes to learn which she loves the best, she must pluck a rose and name each petal after an admirer. Then the petals should be thrown into a stream, and the one which disappears last is the favored suitor.

There are no end of superstitions concerning the wedding day itself. One is that the bride who sees herself in the mirror fully arrayed in her bridal finery will be unhappy all her married life. Another concerns the ring. If it is dropped by the nervous bridegroom [illegible] rimonial misfortune will result. The wedding day itself must be favorable as to weather, for "happy is the bride the sun shines on." And rain portends evil. In Germany, however, the bride prays for rain, for "every drop brings a new joy."

If the bride sees her bridegroom before he sees her, she will rule through life, and vice versa.

* * *

Fair Warning.

Teacher—Ar[illegible], I shall be obliged to detain you [illegible] after school is out.

Arthur (aged 7)—Of course, you understand that if there is any gossip comes of your keeping [illegible] after school every day you are responsible for it.

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A Marvel for Sore Feet. Acts Right Off.

Sore Feet? Never After Using TIZ—

Good-bye sore feet, aching feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses and bunions and raw spots.

You've never tried anything like TIZ before for your feet. It is different from anything ever before sold.

It acts at once and makes the feet feel remarkably fresh and sore-proof.

TIZ is not a powder. Powders and other foot remedies clog up the pores. TIZ draws out all poisonous exudations which bring on soreness of the feet, and is the only remedy that does. TIZ cleans out every pore and glorifies the feet—your feet.

You'll never limp again or draw up your face in pain, and you'll forget about your corns, bunions and callouses. You'll feel like a new person.

If you don't find all this true after trying a box of TIZ, you can get your money right back.

TIZ is for sale at all druggists at 25 cents per box, or it will be sent you direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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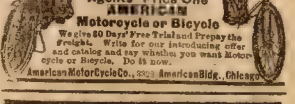
This pretty new house dress not only has all the elements of good style but it is the most practical dress that can be worn this season. It is the most attractive housedress ever designed. Comes in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and requires six and one-half yards of material. Ginghams, chambray, percale and lawn are excellent materials for housewear, while for street wear soft silk and light-weight woolen materials are very appropriate. To quickly introduce our big home magazine which has all the latest fashions, fancy work department, the choicest short stories and many other special features we make this great advertising offer [illegible] Send 10 cts. for a three months' subscription to the Household and if you [illegible] names of five housekeepers we will send you this popular dress pattern free. Be sure to tell your size when ordering, also say you want dress pattern No. 4650. Address at once, HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, Pattern Dept. 21, Topeka, Kan.



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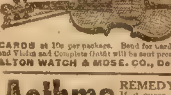

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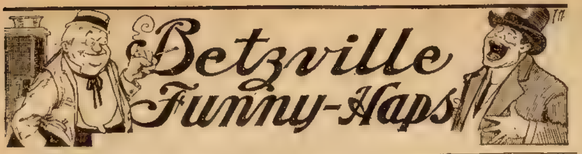
$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, W. R., Chicago, Ill.



Sue Granger and the Lamp-Post

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

SURGICAL science is getting to be a great thing these days. You would never believe, to see Sue Granger of Betzville lick a two-cent stamp, that she was born tongue-tied. She was, though until she was two years old, and then a surgeon came down from the city and loosened up her tongue, and when he was done she had the best quantity and quality of all-'round tongue in the village. She has such a sizeable tongue that when she is writing a letter it lops out like a dog's on a hot day, and it was only last week that she bit it badly whilst writing to that blonde-headed young fellow that comes up from the city to see her on Sundays

I never shall foregt that day last winter when she was walking down Main street eating a hunk of yellow taffy and choked on it. Just as she choked she had to cough and her tongue flew out and the end hit an iron lamp-post and the frost in the lamp-post glued the tip of her tongue to it so tight that it seemed as if nothing short of warm weather and a thaw would ever get it loose again.

Of course we're not what you might call curious-minded in Betzville, but it ain't human nature to see a girl standing right in front of the grocery on our most prominent corner with the end of her tongue against a lamp-post and her hands waving in the air, and not take a little interest. So mostly all the population gathered there in two minutes, being surprised to see a young lady of our best social circles rolling her eyes wildly and connected close up with a lamp-post like she and it was a sort of new style Siamese twins. We walked all around Sue and talked it over, but we couldn't make any sense out of it, and we was just about to decide it was some new suffragette notion that had just come to town when Uncle Ashdod Clute thought he might as well ask Sue. So he did. She rolled her eyes at him kind of grateful.

"Uth a wuth a wuth uth uth!" she said.

Uncle Ashdod is a pretty wise old man, and he guessed what was the matter right away, and as we seen it might be inconvenient for Sue to stand there that way until warm weather turned up, on account of that lamp-post being a favorite hitching post, and some horses being biters and liable to bite Sue on the tongue, so we set to work and formed a committee to get her loose. So six men took hold of Sue, and six others took hold of the lamp-post to keep it from being tore out by the roots, and the six that had hold of Sue pulled. They pulled good and hard, and Sue sort of cast her eyes up to heaven and yelled: "Eth! Eth!" whatever that may mean.

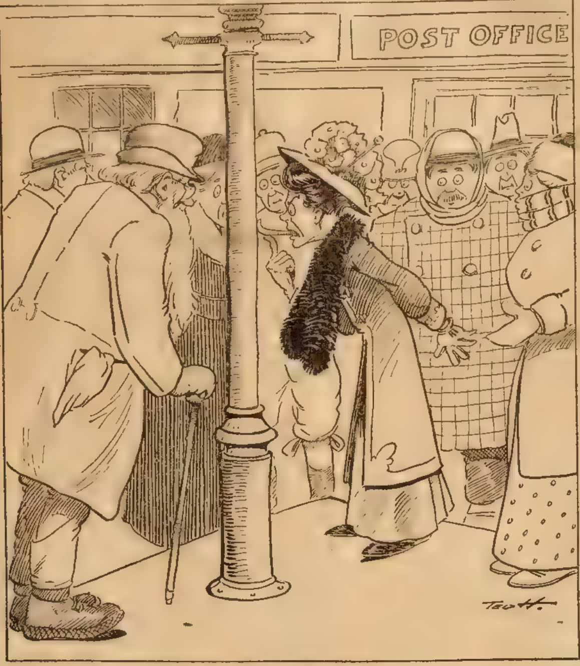
But it wasn't any use. Sue Granger had the most flexible tongue I ever saw and when the fellows had pulled her back to the window of the grocery store they saw the tongue wasn't going to come loose at either end, so they let go, and the tongue contracted like a rubber band and yanked Sue across the sidewalk and slammed her up against the lamp-post. All she said was "Uth!" but we could see she did not like it. And she wasn't going to have it tried again, either, for she wrapped her arms around that lamp-post and hugged it tight.

Then the committee didn't know what to do! We walked around and around that lamp-post and studied the situation, and then we saw that when Sue had slammed up against it two or three more lengths of her tongue had struck the iron post and glued themselves onto it tight. Well, it was lucky it was a lamp-post, anyway, for while we were cogitating over it, night came on, and all we had to do was to light the lamp on top of the post. It made it more cheerful for Sue. So when we had done that and had got a high office stool so she could sort of sit down we felt that the committee had done about all it could do for that evening, and we adjourned. But Uncle Ashdod Clute saw that it wasn't right to leave a girl out that way all night alone, and that she ought to have a chaperone, so he sent for Aunt Rhinocolura Betz.

She came right down and said she would be glad to chaperone Sue, but she didn't believe a word of that nonsense about the frost in the post glueing Sue's tongue to it, and she showed Uncle Ashdod that it was all nonsense by sticking her own tongue to the post, and there it stuck! So then Uncle Ashdod was sure Aunt Rhinocolura would not go away and leave Sue unprotected, and he went home satisfied in his mind.

The next morning the committee came around quite early, after it had done up its home chores, and it found Aunt Rhinocolura and Sue were real peevish. It looked as if they had quarreled during the night over who should sit on that high stool.

"Uth a wuth a wuth a wuth!" said Sue, angrily, but Aunt Rhinocolura just drew herself up indignantly and said: "Uth a with a with a with!"



"Uth a wuth a wuth uth, uth!" she said.

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Mothers— Shall I Send All Three Prizes For Your Little One?

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SEND NO MONEY Just send me your name and address, and I will send you, by return mail, all charges prepaid, 12 packages of my beautifully colored and artistic Gold and Embossed Souvenir Post Cards to distribute among your friends, who will be eager to buy them from you in connection with my special offer. Then send me money collected and I will ship you, by Express, all charges prepaid, this Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll, Go-Cart and Dining Set, exactly as described. Remember, you receive all three prizes without one cent of cost to you. Just an hour's easy work, that's all. Don't delay. Send me your name today. If you do not care to distribute the cards after receiving them, I will send you postage for their return. If you are not more than delighted with the prizes, I will cheerfully refund every cent of money you send me. Address at once.

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It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal secretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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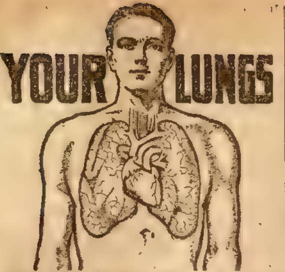

ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
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Anybody could see that they were mortal enemies from that minute on, but we had nothing to do with that, and we consulted and decided that the thing to do was to put both of them in a hospital in Betzville, somebody's house would have to be used. So they chose Aunt Rhinocolura's, and we dug up the lamp-post and put it in a wagon, with Sue on one side of it and Aunt Rhinocolura on the other, and when we got them to Aunt Rhinocolura's the women put them to bed. I guess it was a pretty cold lamp-post, for we could hear the two of them yell about the time they ought to have been undressed.

The committee gave the case to Doc Perkins, and the first thing he did was to take the temperature of the lamp-post, and he said it showed a low temperature and no fever, and he would advise packing the lamp-post in snow to take the frost out. So they did. But the lamp-post didn't seem to improve. So Doc Wilkins was called in consultation, and he said what the lamp-post needed was hot-water bags at its foot and mustard plasters up its sides to heat it up. So they tried that. No good. Then Doc Perkins wanted to amputate the tongues of the ladies, but Doc Wilkins objected. He wanted to saw the lamp-post down the middle, so each lady could have a half, and Sue could go home. Objected to. So nobody knew what to do, and those two females might have stayed in bed with that lamp-post forever if Sue hadn't thought of the only possible thing to do. We were all surprised to think we had not thought of it ourselves. What she told us was this:

"Uth a thuth-thuth, wuth uth uth. Uth a wit huth wuth wuth-uth!"

Well, of course, as soon as we did that both their tongues came loose. You can see for yourself that they would.

In next week's Ledger the Betzville Funny-Haps will be "Uncle Ashdod Clute and the Pike." Read it and you will laugh.

* * *

The Sky Smuggler.

(Continued from page nine.)

catch any words that passed between them; though positive that it could be no good motive that took Fennimore out here to have a secret talk with some one who apparently had not dared look him up at the club

At such times even little things catch one's attention; and I can remember I noticed the fact that the newcomer's cigar had gone out through lack of attention on his part; and immediately I reflected that, being a smoker he would very probably soon draw out a match and endeavor to repair the damage, when I would have a view of his features, even as I had those of Fennimore

Hugging that conviction to my heart I lay there and waited, never ceasing to listen intently, in the hope that I might yet hear his voice in some unguarded moment—enough for me to learn whether my suspicion had any foundation or not

Presently I became aware of the fact that they were about to separate; and with expectation still keeping a buoyant grip on my heart I crouched there behind a tree that grew at the side of the road, watching every move the two men made; thus I saw the stranger fumbling in his vest pocket, and guessing what this indicated, I fairly held my breath in suspense for fear he might not find what his fingers were groping for; but immediately he made a movement along the leg of his trousers, and I knew the critical second had come.

The match flashed into a flame, and was raised to be applied to the cigar held between the teeth of the man with whom Fennimore had been in such confidential conversation; I caught a glimpse of his features, and then as he gave a vigorous puff the flame sprang upward, and I drew in a deep inspiration, for what I had suspected became a reality.

That light fell upon a face that might have been deemed handsome only for a number of fresh scratches that marred its looks, and a black eye that gave a sinister aspect to the whole, but despite these blemishes I easily recognized my antagonist of the earlier evening, Clarence Shipley.

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Small Boy's Explanation.

It was Sunday evening. Angelica had invited her "best young man" to the evening meal. Everything had passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by exclaiming:

"Oh, ma! yer oughter seen Mr. Lighthed the other night, when he called to take Angie to the drill, he looked so nice sittin' 'longside of her with his arm— "

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of a well-done crab—quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant, after gaining his breath, and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed from his mouth, "he had his arm——"

"Freddie!" shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempts to reach the boy's auricular appendage she upset the contents of the teapot in Mr. Lighthed's lap, making numerous Russian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons.

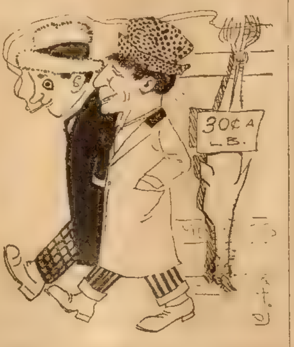
"I was just goin' to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm ——"

"You rude boy!" thundered the father, "away with you to the woodshed"

And the boy skipped to the nearest exit, exclaiming as he waltzed

"I was just goin' to say Mr. Lighthed had his army clothes on, and I'll leave it to him if he didn't!"

The boy was permitted to return, and the remainder of the meal was spent in explanations from the family in regard to the number of times Freddie had to be "talked to" for using his fingers for a ladle.



Tom—Does Jack spend all his salary?
Dick—Hardly any of it. He's married now.

* * *

Discouragement.

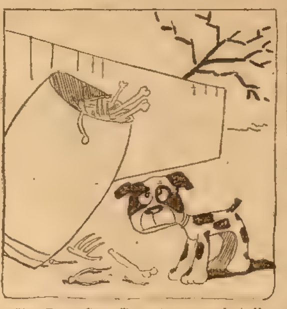
A Philadelphia lawyer who spends his summers in the Adirondacks tells an amusing story of a country bumpkin whose friend he was. The countryman was courting a girl of the countryside, but he grew discouraged over the progressof his love affair.

At times, when he was certain the girl loved him, he was gay to the point of being foolish Then, again, when he thought he detected coolness, he was sad ad dejected He confided to the lawyer one day that he had balanced accounts, and was convinced the girl didn't want him.

"And she's breaking it gently," he said. "She has such a delicate way of telling me, sir."

"How's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, she's just delicate, that's all," was the explanation. "We wuz settin' in the parlor last night an' I wuzn't sayin' much, an' nuther wuz she, but she says, says she, 'Albert, did ye know that I's a twin an' my sister's a twin, an' my mother and her sister wuz twins, an' grandmother and her sister wuz twins, an' their mother and her sister wuz twins?'



The Pup—Say, I've et so much toikey bones dat when I tries to bark I only gobbles.

* * *

The Hitch.

Two old settlers sat smoking in a cabin far away in the backwoods. No woman's hand desecrated that domain, and grime reigned supreme and triumphant The conversation drifted from politics to cooking 'Yas' said the elder of the two, with a drawl, "I did get one of them there cookbooks wunst, but I could never do nothing with it"

"What was the hitch?" inquired the other "Well, every one of those recipes begun in the same way, with the same words. Every one said 'Take a clean dish'—and I never got no further".

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FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT
SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS
AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR
$4.95

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Until they are gone we will sell 15,000 year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of fine fancy stripe worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor regardless of name or make.

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BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

THE MERRY GOOSE MINE;

Or, Dan Newton's Up-Hill Fight

By WILL LISENBEE

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"I MUST temporize with him," Dan thought, "and trust to my own wits and to good luck to get me out of this scrape." For some moments there was not a word spoken

"You ought to know," Dan said, at length, "that an order from me to my guardian for the sum you mention would not be paid, unless, of course, I gave a full explanation of what the money was for; and not then if my guardian did not approve of the use to which the money was to be put."

"I know all about that," replied Dave Stover. "But we have a way for getting around all such obstacles. You will send a letter to your guardian. You will give him directions for sending the money to us so that we may get it without danger. If he refuses, then you can notify him that unless he complies at once, one of your fingers will be sent to him, or one of your ears—as a sort of guaranty of good faith, as the saying goes. That will bring him to time."

A feeling of horror came over Dan. "You would not dare to that!" he cried.

"Wouldn't I? You shall see. Remember that it was you that sent me to jail, and but for a lucky chance, I might have been doing time in prison. Now I have a chance to even things up, and you can rest assured that Dave Stover is not one to let such a chance slip by. Now we will rest awhile. I have not had supper Pressing business kept me occupied. For two days I have been watching to get the drop on you. Your coming to the spring at dusk gave me the chance I was looking for. I am not a bad actor, you must admit, and after I get my little stake from your kind guardian, I may go on the stage."

He laughed a low, harsh laugh, and rising, he walked to the entrance of the chamber. It was a small opening between the rocky walls, and fastened by means of iron rods to the wall, was a heavy door made of oaken slabs. This rude shutter he closed and locked, putting the key in his pocket.

"I guess it won't pay you to think of [illegible]," he remarked dryl "Now I [illegible] us a bite to eat by the time Jim comes

He stirred the smoldering fire into a blaze, and soon the chamber of the cavern was redolent with the odors of frying meat and boiling coffee.

Dan sat on the rude stool absorbed in thought. He had not thought it prudent to make any reply to Dave Stover's speech. It would do no good to argue the matter with the outlaw.

The cavern, Dan reasoned, must be the rendezvous of a band of outlaws, and there was little chance of the retreat being discovered.

Dan's thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the oaken doo

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dave Stover set the frying-pan on the rocky floor and advanced swiftly to the door. He stood for a moment in silence, and when the knocking was repeated, he said, "All right," and unlocking the door, admitted Jim, his pal.

Jim Sutter, for such was the robber's name, was a man of some thirty years, heavy of build and strong of limb. But his face, which was clean-shaven, was not altogether evil. He smiled good-humoredly as he came in, and sniffed at the odors of cooking victuals with evident satisfaction.

"You are a good cook, Dave," he said, "and what is more, you always have [illegible] on time if you can. How's the kid?" he asked, turning to glance at Dan.

"Oh, he's all right," replied Stover, proceeding with his duties as cook. "I have been coaching him a little bit on opening up negotiations with his benevolent guardian for funds, but he didn't take to the matter kindly."

"Well, he'll feel better over it after he has tasted some of your cooking," declared the other. "He looks like a good sensible boy, and I don't believe he will give us any trouble." Dave Stover had now placed the simple fare he had prepared on a pine box which was used for a table, and invited all hands to fall to.

But Dan declined the invitation, remarking he had eaten supper just before starting to the spring.

"Well, if you happen to want a lunch during the night," said Jim Sutter, "just help yourself. You'll find the cupboard open."

When they had finshed eating, the two men lighted their pipes and sat down before the fire to smoke and talk over their plans. Dan was offered a pipe and tobacco, but declined both.

"There's a bunk over there whenever you get ready to turn in," said Dave Stover, indicating a rude couch in a niche in the wall. "You will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you," said Dan, politely, "I am a little tired, but not sleepy. I'll lie down and take a little rest, anyway."

He took off his shoes and coat, but thought it best not to undress, and stretched himself on the bed. For some time he lay listening to the murmur of the men's voices and watching the flickering light from the fire dance on the walls of the cavern.

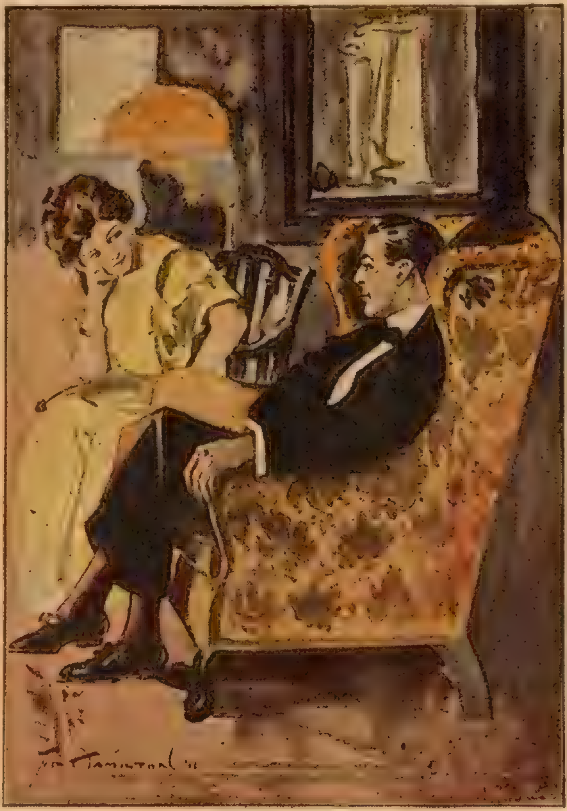
He had but little opportunity to reflect on his situation, but now as he lay stretched upon the rude couch, he tried to think of it clearly. There seemed little chance of his being rescued from his captors, for it was not probable that the existence of the cavern was known to any one save those who occupied it as a place of concealment.

"Captain Hickman will miss me," he thought, "but he will not have the faintest idea of where to look for me."

The two robbers had now laid aside their pipes, and were taking turns at a big black bottle which they passed from one to the other. They kept this up for some time, and finally, much to Dan's relief, retired to their bunks where they soon feel asleep.

Dan lay quiet for some time, listening to their loud and regular breathing. They were sleeping soundly. It was natural that this should bring to Dan's mind thoughts of escape. He rose and drew on his shoes and coat noiselessly; then he sat motionless for a little while trying to form some plan of action. The door leading into the chamber was securely locked, and the key was in Dave Stover's pocket. Would it be safe to try to get the key? Dan pondered over the question. Men whose brains have been muddled by liquor are not easily awakened. Dan thought of this, and the thought gave him hope. He rose and moved cautiously and noiselessly in the direction of the sleeping robbers.

They had only removed their shoes and coats on returning, placing the latter garments beneath their heads. It was into his coat pocket that Dave Stover had thrust the key after locking the door when his pal had been admitted. Coat and key were now under his head, and there might be very serious danger in at-



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tempting quietly to remove the garment.

There was no light in the chamber save that which came from the flickering torch, and deep shadows lay thick in the remote corners of the cavern. The regular breathing of the robbers continued. Evidently they had little fear of their prisoner being able to escape, though their carelessness in this regard might have come from their too frequent communion with the black bottle.

Dan made his way cautiously across the cavern, pausing now and then to assure himself that the sleepers had not awakened. As he drew near where Dave Stover lay, he saw that the robber had placed his coat under his head in such a manner that to reach the pockets it must be removed.

Dan hesitated, his heart beating tumultuously. To attempt to remove the coat might arouse the sleeper. But there was no other way by which the key could be secured. He took hold of the coat and began to pull on it gently. As he did so there came a slight sound from the passage leading into the chamber. Dan paused and listened intently. Again the sound came to him—the sound of muffled steps just beyond the door.

His heart gave a great bound. Some one was at the door! Who was it? Could it be some other member of the robber band that had returned. The thought set Dan's mind in a whirl. He stole swiftly and noiselessly to the door. Standing with his ear to the oaken shutter, he listened.

Sounds of something moving cautiously along the rocky floor of the passage came to his ears, and then there came a low, familiar whine of joy, and the next instant the dark muzzle of a dog was thrust through the opening below the shutter. Dan could hardly suppress the cry of joy that half rose to his lips.

It was Captain Hickman's dog, Toad!

Dan stooped quickly and fondled the dog's nose, allowing the little animal to lick his hand affectionately.

In his joy, Toad could hardly be restrained from barking. Dan put his mouth to the crack between the door and the wall and asked in a low voice:

"Who is there?"

"It is me—Ben Hickman," came the reply in the same guarded tone. "Are you alone?"

"No, the two men that brought me here—robbers, I think—are asleep in the cavern. Any one with you?"

"The sheriff and about a dozen men. Is one of the robbers Dave Stover?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Then we'll bag him all right. Can you open the door?"

"It is locked, and the key is in Stover's pocket."

There was a short silence, during which Dan heard hurried whispers among the men outside the chamber.

"Could the door be broken in quickly?" asked Hickman.

"I'm afraid not," Dan answered. "It is of oak slabs, and is fastened with iron bolts."

"Could you get hold of the key, do you think?"

"I could try. It might wake him, though, and then what?"

"Why, we'll break in the door the moment you give the alarm," replied Captain Hickman.

"Very well. I'll see what I can do. The key is in his coat pocket, and his coat is under his head, but I'll get it if I can."

He stopped a moment to caress the nose of Toad, which was still thrust through the opening. "Be still, that's a good dog, Toady," he whispered, "and we'll let you in in a moment." He turned and walked in the direction of the sleeping robbers, gliding noiselessly over the rock floor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Dan had taken but a few steps when Dave Stover turned over in his bunk, opened his eyes, and then sat bolt upright.

"What the thunder are you doing, youngster?" he cried, turning his gaze upon Dan.

Dan was taken completely by surprise, and for a moment fear held him silent. But there was no time to hesitate. He must act, and at once. His mind was made up in an instant. He uttered a warning cry, and then he leaped quickly and struck out the light. Blackest darkness enveloped the cavern. At the same instant there came the sound of a heavy pounding at the door, while above it came a succession of bitter oaths from Dave Stover and his companion, who had awakened.

As soon as Dan had struck out the light, he leaped to one side and hastily concealed himself in a recess of the wall, where he crouched, a prey to fearful anxiety. The crack of a pistol in the hands of one of the robbers broke the silence, and the spiteful spat of a bullet against the oaken door sounded ominously through the gloomy cavern. Still the muffled thunder of the blows on the door continued, and as the shutter fell in with a crash, the loud authoritative voice of the sheriff rang through the rocky chamber.

"I call on you to surrender in the name of the law!" he cried, but no response came from the robbers.

Dan could hear the robbers moving hurriedly back to the far end of the chamber, and then a blazing mass of something shot like a rocket through the blackness of the cavern, and falling with a sputtering sound, flamed up brightly lighting the chamber to its remotest corner. At the same instant, the sheriff, who had hurled the blazing torch, stepped into the light, and, with drawn pistols, commanded the robbers to surrender, while pressing in to join him came Captain Hickman and the others.

"I guess it's all up with us," admitted Dave Stover, as he put up his hands. And his associate followed his example. In a few moments the pair were safely manacled; and then Captain Hickman came forward and grasped Dan's hands, while Toad expressed his delight over the happy turn of affairs by leaping into Dan's arms and licking his face in a transport of joy.

"I'm afraid we should not have been able to find you if it had not been for Toad," said Captain Hickman. "Sid Akers was scrapping on a waste dump close to the spring, and saw you go away with the stranger. His description of the man tallied with that of Dave Stover, who had escaped from the jail, and as the sheriff was in Jacktown looking for Stover, it didn't take us long to guess what was in the wind. We could not have followed the trail, however, but for Toad. He took the trail and followed it to the cave."

"He's the finest little dog in the world!" declared Dan, rubbing his face against the dog's glossy coat. "If there is any reward offered for the capture of the robbers, I think you ought to have a share of it, don't you, Toad?"

Toad whined his approval, while the sheriff said: "So he shall. I'm going to see to that myself. There's a hundred dollars offered by the county, and I'm going to see to it that Sid Akers and Toad each get a share."

"Good for you, sheriff! You're the right sort!" cried one of the crowd heartily, and his sentiment was echoed by the others.

A search was made, and considerable plunder was found stored in obscure corners of the cavern; and an hour later the sheriff and his party, taking the prisoners and the booty, started for Jacktown. The morning sun was shining brightly when the mining camp was reached, and a large crowd collected to get a look at the prisoners. An hour later, Captain Hickman, Dan Newton, and Toad took the stage for the north and set their faces toward Springhaven.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BACK TO SPRINGHAVEN.

A warm October sun, shining through a golden haze, fell on the village of Springhaven. There was not a breath of air, and the bright motes danced and quivered in the yellow light.

"Mother," said Phil Simpkins, as he came into the room where his mother was at work dusting the furniture, "I want five dollars."

"I haven't five dollars to my name," replied Mrs. Simpkins. "Can't you get it from your father?"

"He won't give me a cent," declared Phil.

"What do you want with the money?"

"We have organized a club, some young fellows and I—and we need money to furnish our room and pay the rent."

"I'm afraid you're getting extravagant, Phil," said Mrs. Simpkins.

"Not any more so than the other boys," said Phil, "and father is one of the richest men in town."

"Have you asked him for the money?"

"I asked him for some just the other day, and he said I could not have another cent until the middle of the month. Can't you get it from him for me?"

"I can't do it. He would want to know what I wanted to do with the money, and I should have to tell him," replied Mrs. Simpkins. "Besides, Phil, I do not want to encourage you in the useless spending of money. Your father would be a poor man today if he had done as you are doing."

"That's the old story he is forever drumming into my ears," complained Phil. "If I am to be treated as if I were a poor boy, I may just as well go out and be a common laborer and be done with it. I'll go out now and see if I can get a job sawing wood."

Phil uttered the words in a resolute tone, though he had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. Mrs. Simpkins, who was deceived by his tone and manner, however, looked distressed, and her face softened.

"I could never stand to see you do that, Phil," she said. "If you won't do it, I'll see if I can't get the money for you."

"Thank you, mother," replied Phil, greatly relieved and inwardly rejoiced at his success. "I know it would grieve you to see me working with common laborers, and for your sake I'll give up the idea, if you will get me the money."

"I will see your father as soon as he comes and try to get the money for you. I thought I heard him come in at the gate."

She glanced through the open door. Some one had entered the gate, but it was not Colonel Simpkins. A slouching figure came down the walk, carrying a cane and limping.

"Why, it's Brother Ben!" she cried, a changed look coming over her face. "I wonder if anything has happened to him."

"He's looking pretty seedy, all right," remarked Phil. "I should not be surprised if he had lost all his money since he went to the mines."

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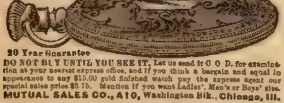

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"I do hope not," responded Mrs. Simpkins in alarm. "Mercy on me! I do beleive he has another attack of rheumatism!"

Captain Hickman stepped on the porch and then came in at the open door, a smile on his face. "How are you, Jane?" he greeted, as he took her hand. "I hope you are all well. I am sorry I can't say so much for myself. But we all must have our ups and downs. How do you do, Phil?" he added, turning to shake hands with his nephew. "You are getting to be a young man, almost."

Phil did not respond very cordially to his uncle's greeting, and saying he had business down town, went out.

"How have you been getting on in the mines?" asked Mrs. Simpkins.

"Well, I might have done better," replied her brother, evasively, a curious twinkle in his eye. "It costs to prospect."

"I suppose so," responded Mrs. Simpkins. "I hope you have not been so foolish as to squander what you had."

"It takes a good deal of capital to run a mine. I have spent considerable. Do you suppose Colonel Simpkins would let me have a thousand or so?"

"A thousand dollars! Why, Ben, you must be crazy!"

"Oh, I am not so crazy as you may think. Is the colonel at home?"

"He is out in town, I think. But it will be no use for you to see him, if you expect him to let you have any money."

"Well, it may be as you say, but it will do no harm to see him, anyway. There he comes now, I think."

A moment later Colonel Simpkins entered.

"How do you do, colonel," said Captain Hickman, as he arose to greet his brother-in-law.

"Pretty well," replied the colonel. "How is the world using you?"

"Fairly well, but it might be better."

"What is the news about the mines?"

"There have been some big strikes over near Agateville, close to Jacktown."

"I never believed much in mines," remarked the colonel, complacently.

"Some make fortunes and other lose," remarked Captain Hickman. "There is nothing certain about mining."

"Pretty certain to lose, I fancy," laughed the colonel. "That has been your experience, I dare say."

"You don't seem to consider me lucky," remarked Captain Hickman.

"You never have been, you know. You are too much of a dreamer, captain."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; it is a misfortune."

"Well, I sometimes have very pleasant dreams. I dreamed a rich man owed me about five thousand dollars."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Colonel Simpkins. "That was a pleasant dream, sure enough. But you awoke before you got to collect it, I suppose?" And Colonel Simpkins laughed again.

"Very amusing," remarked Captain Hickman. "But you haven't heard the funniest part yet."

"Then let us have it by all means," urged the colonel.

"When I awoke," went on Captain Hickman, "I found substantial proof that my dream was really true; and to convince you of the fact, I have the paper with me," and he drew out the copy of the lease obtained from Mr. Gregor and laid it open to the colonel's gaze.

Colonel Simpkins stared at it in blank amazement; then his face paled, and the hand that held the document shook.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Captain Hickman. "Very funny, isn't it? Why don't you laugh, colonel?"

But the grave face of Colonel Simpkins showed no signs of mirth.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, with emotion.

"From Mr. Gregor, who was kind enough to furnish me a copy," replied Captain Hickman.

Mrs. Simpkins looked at her husband, and the grave look on his face filled her with sudden alarm.

"What—what is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing of any consequence, my dear," answered her husband with assumed carelessness, at the same time making a quick signal to the captain. "I find that I am indebted to him in a little sum which I had clean forgotten. The joke is on me, by Jove! Eh, captain? Suppose we go into the library and look over my books?"

"Very well," nodded Captain Hickman, and he arose and followed Colonel Simpkins into the library.

Colonel Simpkins, on reaching the library, took a seat at his desk, after placing an easy chair for the accommodation of his visitor.

"You have been to see Mr. Gregor?" asked the colonel.

"I sent a messenger to see him," replied Captain Hickman, "and he has explained every detail of the transaction, also sending me a copy of the lease."

"Well, I shan't beat about the bush any, captain," said Colonel Simpkins, "for I am not that sort of a man. I have collected something over four thousand dollars of yours which has never been turned over to you. I will only say in justification for my act that I was in a close place at times and needed the money, expecting some time to pay you the sum in full. I am prepared to do so now—or can arrange to do so in a short time."

"That will be entirely satisfactory," said Captain Hickman. "I have no desire to push you, and want to settle the matter without any hard feelings."

"That is generously spoken, captain," said the colonel, with feeling. "You shall have your money—every cent of it—with interest."

"Oh, don't bother about the interest," broke in Captain Hickman. "The principal is sufficient."

"I can let you have a large part of the money any time. But I should be glad if you would grant me a small favor."

"Name it."

"That you won't mention this matter to Mrs. Simpkins. She does not know, and the knowledge would worry her."

"It shall be as you say. I appreciate your feelings."

"Thank you—thank you, captain," responded Colonel Simpkins, heartily. "I shall merely say to her that I found myself indebted to you in quite a sum, but she need not know the amount."

Captain Hickman laughed.

"I understand," he nodded. "We can manage that part of it, never fear. I know Jane quite as well as you do."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Oh, Dan! so you have come to Springhaven to stay?"

A glad light shone in Mrs. Hampton's face as she stood holding Dan Newton's hands in her own.

"It looks that way, aunt," smiled Dan. "I have been talking with Judge Turkington, and he has advised me to stay, for various reasons."

"And he is going to find something for you to do?"

"Oh, I shall not lack for employment," Dan smiled. "Come, let us sit down here by the open window and have a little talk. I have so much to tell you—good news, aunt, and I know you will be glad."

"That I will, Dan," responded his aunt.

"When I was here last summer," Dan went on, "I think I mentioned to you my finding of a deed to a forty-acre tract of land among my father's papers?"

"I remember it, but it was considered worthless, I think."

"So it was, but a mining company that owned the land adjoining it struck a rich vein of lead and zinc ore near the line, and Mr. Illington, of Kansas City, paid me ten thousand dollars for the land."

"Oh, Dan, can it be possible?" cried Mrs. Hampton. "Ten thousand dollars! Why, it is a fortune!"

"That is not all," Dan continued. "Judge Turkington has just told me something that was a great surprise to me. A short time before my father died, he placed ten thousand dollars in railroad bonds in the hands of Judge Turkington as a legacy for me, to keep for me until I was twenty-one years of age. The matter was to be kept a secret from me for a year, if Mr. Turkington thought advisable, so that I might, in the meantime, learn to make my own way in the world and learn from experience the value of self-reliance. My father was poor in his younger days, and he always held to the belief that one is handicapped by having a fortune to begin with in life. I think my experience has taught me the value of the legacy my father left, and Judge Turkington, who has plans for investing the money for me, thought it best that I should know of the legacy at once. So you see I am no longer a poor relation," and Dan laughed.

"But poor or rich, Dan, you are always the same," said his aunt, affectionately, putting her arm about him. "You have done so much for me, and have been ever ready to help me, even when you were compelled to work at hard labor to support yourself, that I can hardly express to you how glad I am to learn of your good fortune."

"I know you are glad," broke in Dan, "and what makes my good fortune all the more welcome is, that I can help you in a more substantial way than I ever dreamed of being able to do. But let me tell you of my plans. Of course I cannot remain in Springhaven and be idle. Judge Turkington, who has owned nearly half the stock of the Springhaven bank has, owing to the death of the president of the bank, bought the remaining shares. The capital stock is thirty thousand dollars, and he proposes to let me have one third, and Captain Hickman one third, keeping a third of the stock himself—all but a small amount held by the cashier and others.

The old cashier is to be retained, and it is Judge Turkinton's wish that I enter the bank as assistant cashier and learn the business. The bank pays good dividends, and Judge Turkington says my shares, exclusive of my pay as assistant cashier, will insure me a handsome income."

Mrs. Hampton's face was radiant with joy.

"And so you are to be a banker, after all?" she said. "And what will Phil Simpkins say, after the sneering remarks he made?"

"Why, I never thought of that," laughed Dan. "It will be pretty hard on him, but he mustn't blame me. By the way, Phil's father will have to pay Captain Hickman something over four thousand dollars, money collected on a lease by Colonel Simpkins and never turned over to Captain Hickman."

"For pity's sake! How did that happen?" cried Mrs. Hampton in amazement.

Dan explained, giving all the details of the matter and an account of his trip to Kansas City.

"And Colonel Simpkins had kept the money all these years?" said Mrs. Hampton. "How could he have done it?"

"Probably he thought he needed the money," replied Dan. "No doubt he will pay it without any trouble. I am sure Captain Hickman will deal generously with him and hold no malice. He can afford to, for he has an income of a thousand a year from Gregor & Mills, and including about seven thousand dollars he made out of his mining venture, he has something like ten or twelve thousand dollars, which he is to invest in the bank."

"And will Captain Hickman make his home in Springhaven?"

"Oh, yes; that is his intention. He has traveled much in his life, and he says it is time he settled down. I am glad of it, for I shall like to have him here. He has been a father to me, and I am sure he would be an excellent uncle."

"Why, Dan! How can you talk so?" cried his aunt, laughing heartily, but with a slight coloring which Dan did not fail to observe.

Dan joined in the laugh, and presently the conversation turned to other topics. Dan gave an account of his adventures during his stay in the mines, including the details of his capture by the robbers and the lucky sequel.

* * * * * *

Captain Hickman took up his quarters at the White Oak Inn, while Dan, much to the delight of Bessie and Ray, made his home with his aunt.

During the days that followed the arrival of Captain Hickman and Dan at

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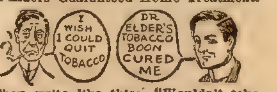
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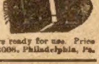

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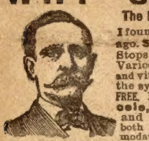

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Springhaven, Dan was frequently in consultation with Judge Turkington, and in consequence was frequently a guest at the Turkington home.

Phil Simpkins noticed this with much chagrin, especially as he saw Dan and Milly Dent together frequently.

"I wonder what he is forever hanging around there for?" Phil thought. "I can't understand why they countenance his impudence."

By this it will be apparent to the reader that Phil had not heard of Dan's good fortune. But a few days later he learned the truth.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

"My dear," said Mrs. Simpkins to her husband, "I have been talking with Phil, and he tells me he needs a little money to pay his dues in a club he and his friends have organized. Can you let me have five dollars for him?"

"Why, certainly, my dear," responded Colonel Simpkins with such good grace and willingness that his wife was speechless with amazement. "I have nothing but some change in my purse, and shall have to give you a check."

"Oh, thank you, that will do just as well," she said hastily.

The colonel drew out his check book.

"I think you mentioned something about wanting a fall hat," he said, "so I may as well give you a check for—will twenty-five dollars be sufficient?"

So great was Mrs. Simpkins' wonder at her husband's generosity that for a moment she could only stare at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"Twenty-five dollars?" she managed to say, presently. "Why, yes, my dear, that will be more than I shall really need."

"No matter, you will need some change for other things," and he handed her a check for twenty-five dollars.

Mrs. Simpkins accepted the check with visible emotion, and with a sudden impulse put her arms about the colonel and kissed him; at which Colonel Simpkins blushed—or would have blushed, had his florid face not been proof against such a transformation for being not wholly without a conscience, he suddenly remembered that his little act of generosity had been inspired by a haunting sense of fear lest she should discover his secret regarding the business transacted for Captain Hickman.

An hour later, when Phil appeared at the bank to have the check cashed, he noticed, with amazement, that Dan Newton was inside, busily engaged at work over the books.

"I wonder what he is doing here?" Phil thought, his face growing dark with envy. "If the new directors gave him a job they must be a set of fools!"

As he received the currency for the check and left the bank, he stopped to question Squire Whitwell.

"What is that boy doing in there?" he asked.

"Do you mean Dan Newton?"

"I think that is his name," replied Phil, lightly.

"Why, haven't you heard? He was appointed assistant cashier by the new board of directors last night," replied Squire Whitwell.

"Then they must be crazy," declared Phil.

"I guess they understand their business. There is about ten thousand dollars of Dan Newton's money in the concern."

"Ten thousand dollars!" gasped Phil. "Why, I didn't know he had a dollar!"

"There are a great many things you don't know," observed the squire, with a reproving look. "He just received ten thousand dollars for some mining land left him by his father, and he has a legacy for an equal amount, I understand which is in the hands of Judge Turkington.

Phil waited to hear no more, but hurried away in the direction of home, his face wearing a look of mortification and defeat. To add to this chagrin, he now remembered the sneering remarks he had made to Dan regarding opening a bank, on the day our hero had paid the interest on the mortgage for his aunt. And now the joke had recoiled on him.

"He came here nothing but a tramp," he thought bitterly, "and now he is a young man of fortune and is looked up to by everybody. I wish I had never seen him."

* * * * *

A passing glance at some of the characters who have figured in this story and my task is finished.

Dave Stover and Jim Sutter were convicted and sentenced to serve terms in the State prison. Mrs. Akers received a legacy from a deceased relative which enabled her to live in comfort, while Sid is employed in the office of the Henderson Smelting Company, and as he is a bright and industrious young man, is bound to rise.

Dan Newton, after remaining two years in the bank, went away to college, where he took a four years' course, and returned to the bank and became its cashier. He is trusted and respected by all, and has a bright future; especially as it is rumored that he is to marry the most popular young lady in Springhaven—Miss Mildred Dent—or Milly, as she still prefers to be called.

Captain Hickman and Mrs. Hampton were married, and Dan Newton declares he is the best uncle he ever had; and that he makes a good husband and father, to which fact the happiness of his wife and her two children give eloquent testimony.

Toad, Captain Hickman's little dog, is in great favor with Bessie and Ray, and he is looked upon as the most remarkable dog in the village, for he is a canine hero, but he has fifty dollars deposited to his credit in the Springhaven bank, a part of the reward which was divided between him and Sid Akers. He is allowed to draw the interest in the shape of fresh beef, and the amount he consumes testifies to the generosity of the bank in dealing with depositors.

The Gurlocks are now glad to recognize Dan as a relative, and they take pride in referring to him as such.

Colonel Simpkins lost heavily in some unfortunate speculating schemes, and with only a remnant of his former fortune, he opened a grocery store in Springhaven, where Phil was compelled to work hard as his father's clerk, much to his mortification.

The colonel has lost much of his arrogance and pride, and in the hard school of experience he is learing that which bids fair to make him a good and useful citizen.

Next week we will begin in the Ledger a splendid story of the Revolutionary War by Captain Jack Judson. It is called "Tom of Stony Point, or Fighting With Mad Anthony." It will excite your interest and keep you highly entertained. Every boy and girl should read it, and every one else for that matter. Watch for it. The End.

* * *

His Contribution.

An ingenious young man once took his fiancee to church in a small country village, and when the time for "collection" came around he rather ostentatiously displayed a silver dollar. Presuming upon their engagement, the young woman placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiance.

"Don't be so extravagant, George!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "I always make a point of giving a dollar when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister gave out the notices for the week, and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection:

"The collection today," said he, "amounted to 95 cents."

George hadn't much to say all the way to his fiancee's home.

Your Friends Wear Clothes Take Their Orders!

Think that over! Show them KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING samples and styles. Two orders make you enough profit to get snappy suit for yourself FREE. Simple and easy. Just a little spare time. You need no money. We send complete outfit—all free—and show plainly just what to do.

Make Up to $10 a Suit!

Some of our suits make $10 commission for you. Almost no effort. Astonishing how quick you get business. Every suit shipped on approval, EXPRESS PREPAID. Money back if not satisfactory. We are the Largest Wholesale Tailoring House in the World. 30 years in business. Reliable, successful, make best clothes. Men like you, without experience, now making $10 a day, just showing samples! Get our outfit. Compare with others. Make our profit. Ask about big FREE PREMIUM PLAN. HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL THINGS FREE. Our proposition best! Prove it. Write NOW!

Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., 1946 Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

TRADE MARK BIG G REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CURES Men & Women

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion.

Sold by Druggists, or in plain wrapper, express prepaid, on receipt of $1, or three bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

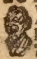
FREE TO MEN!

HER-CU-LIN STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN

HER-CU-LIN, the strength developer for men's Vitality, quickly gives results. This New Improved Method quickly secures for you powerful Virile invigoration. If you still have ambition to enjoy life send us your name and address only and we will send you a Full Proving Size FREE to try, in plain package. Nothing sent C. O. D. Please enclose 10 cents for packing and postage.

THE M. OSWALD CO., 318-33 West 42d Street, New York

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and [illegible] of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

12 YEAR OLD WHISKEY

GUARANTEED
COL. R. L. CRIGLER'S
OLD SPECIAL STOCK WHISKEY
CRIGLER & CRIGLER
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

OUR HOLIDAY OFFER Puts It To You At No Extra Cost

Until January 1, we are going to treat every customer for our celebrated Woodland with some of this 12 year old Special Stock Straight Kentucky Whiskey.

Woodland is guaranteed straight whiskey and is one of the best known brands of Kentucky. It was selected in 1899 by the U. S. Government for Hospital purposes.

This *Old Special Stock* was made in the Spring of 1899, and has passed through thirteen warm Summers, making it the rarest whiskey you ever tasted. It will satisfy you to the last golden drop. Each order for Woodland will contain some of this Old Special Stock.

Here Are The Two Holiday Offers:

Send $3.25, the regular price of 4 quarts of *Woodland,* and we will ship you, *Express Prepaid*

3 Full Quart Bottles Rare Old Woodland Whiskey
1 Full Quart Bottle Twelve Year Old Special Stock
$3.25 Express Paid

Or, send $6.00, the regular price of two gallons of *Woodland,* and we will ship you, *Express Prepaid*

1 Full Gallon Glass Demijohn Rare Old Woodland Whiskey
1 Full Gallon Glass Demijohn Twelve Year Old Special Stock
$6.00 Express Paid

Every package of our 12 year old whiskey bears this label: "Guaranteed to be a Straight Kentucky Whiskey 12 years old by The Crigler & Crigler Co., under the Pure Food Laws." Serial No. 4642

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Send for either of above *express prepaid* offers. Drink as much as you like of both *Woodland* and *12 Year Old Special Stock;* if you don't say it's the best whiskey you ever tasted, return unused portion and we will refund your money. Send for Price List and 20-quart club offer—greatest ever made.

Orders from Ariz., N. M., Utah, Nev., Idaho, Col., Wyo., Wash., Ore., Mont. and Cal., must call for 20 qts. ($16.25) or 5 gals. ($15), freight prepaid.

THE CRIGLER & CRIGLER CO., Inc., Capital Stock $200,000. Dept. F

Send Your Order To Nearest Place. Covington, Ky., Kansas City, Mo., Jacksonville, Fla.

TELLS ABOUT 50,000 BOOKS FREE BY MAIL

THE HOME CURE OF MEN'S AILMENTS

WORTH $10 TO ANY MAN

Every afflicted man, suffering from any man disease, should write quick for his copy of this Wonderful Free Book. It tells in plain, strong, simple words how any man can privately cure himself at home, of such diseases as Blood Poison (Inherited or Acquired), Vital Weakness, Loss of Power, Nervous Debility, Indiscretions, Organic or Contagious Disease, the After-effects of Fast Living; Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles. No matter how long you have suffered; how old or stubborn your case; how often you have failed to find relief or how discouraged and down-hearted you are—this book will be a revelation—give you new hope—a new lease on life. It is chuck full of good, sound logic and advice—just the things you should know and follow. If you want your old-time health, strength and manhood restored, send RIGHT NOW for your copy of this Great Guide to Health—mailed FREE, postpaid in plain, sealed envelope.

DR. JOS. LISTER & CO. 902 Northwestern Bldg. Chicago, Ills., U. S. A.

THE FAIRY CORNER

RETURNING THANKS?

I'm glad I'm not a turkey, strutting 'round so fat and jerky.
I'm glad I'm not a plump young duck or little baby pig.
I'm glad I'm not a yellow pumpkin like that fat young fellow
Waiting in my mother's pantry, looking very smart and big.
Oh, there's lots of things I'm glad about, but there's one thing that I'm mad about:
It's the horrid "second table" where they store us boys away,
Where they make you wait and wait, looking at your empty plate,
Till you wish you were your grandma, even if she's bent and gray,
For she's always guest of honor and served first Thanksgiving Day.

◆

A Thanksgiving Joke.

The approach of Thangsgiving Day makes the story apropos, so here it is:

It happened several years ago at Thanksgiving time, Julian Varian, an ingenuous youth with a shock of angry red hair, had been employed by the Biff & Bang Hardware Company and was devoting himself assiduously to the polishing of fancy doorknobs and such like esthetic performances. He was new and consequently nervous and he believed implicitly everything that was told him.

"Vic" Whiting, traveling man for the concern, with a reputation as a practical joker, took the youth under his metaphoric wing and engaged to break him in. Thanksgiving Day was close at hand when the crack salesman undertook the tuition of the office boy.

"You know, every Thanksgiving the old man comes across with a turkey or two dollars," quoth Whiting, one day, to his protege.

"He does?" echoed Julian.

"Sure," said Whiting, "which would you rather have?"

"Me for the two dollars every time," was the response.

"Well, in that case, you'll have to go and ask for it now," said Whiting. "He may buy the turkey if you don't hurry. Just say to him that you people have got a turkey and that if it's all the same to him you'll take the two dollars. Don't be afraid. Go right in now."

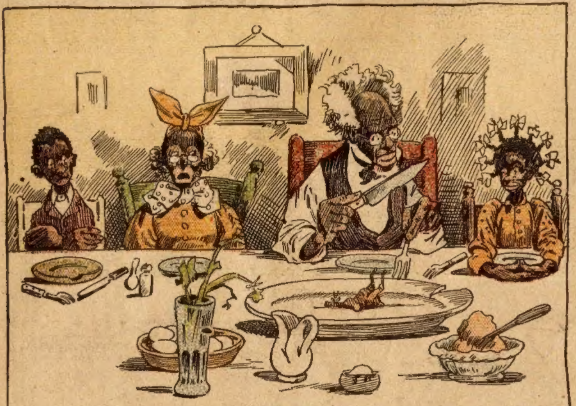
Bashfully Julian entered the office of Mr. Biff, head of the firm. Nervously he twirled his cap in his fingers. Also he wabbled at the knees, but in a fairly steady voice he managed to say:

"Mr. Biff, me mother's got a turkey and if you don't mind I'll take the two dollars instead."

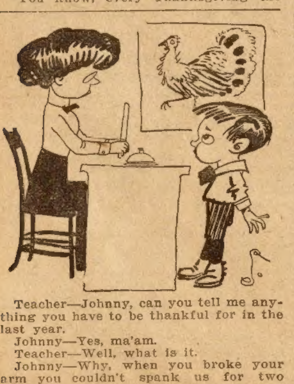
The middle-aged gentleman at the desk started as though he had been suddenly stuck with a pin. He wheeled about sharply and eyed the cowering boy before him. Then his eyes wandered about the outer office and he noticed several faces agrin. His own glance softened, and for a minute the corners of his mouth twitched.

Then he dove into his right-hand trousers pocket and extracted therefrom a two-dollar bill, which he solemnly handed to the youth.

The joke was on the office and nobody smiled.



Deacon Ketchum (after grace)—Now, chilluns, de Lawd hates gluttony, so jes' restrain yo'r carnal appetites an' doan eat so much ob dis yar tukkey dat yo'll git de dyspepsia."



Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the last year.

Johnny—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what is it.

Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't spank us for two months.

◆

RIVALS.

Said the turkey to the eagle, with a snort:
"I have a most exceeding strange report.
They do say, upon my word,
That you're called our country's bird.
Really, it's quite absurd.
Have you claimed this false assumption for yourself?
Have you ever rested on a pantry shelf?
Have you ever been the king of a feast?
Were you ever dressed and garnished? Now, at least,
You have something to substantiate your claim
To that very great and honorable name.
You are silent, Mr. Eagle. Deary me!
You can nothing say to prove your royalty!
You are but a brazen thing,
I command you to take wing!
I command! I am your king!
Through all past Thanksgiving Days
You have heard them sing my praise,
Through Thanksgiving Days to be
You shall hear them praising me,
And the national old bird
Is myself, upon my word!
For my countrymen and I
All are gobblers that is why!

◆

How it must jolt a chap in the midst of a declaration of love to have the girl in the case interrupt him to ask: "Where have I heard that before?"

"The Blood is The Life"

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are effected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood.

Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by inclosing fifty cents in postage stamps to Dr. R.V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

"TRAPPER'S GUIDE" FREE

FUNSTEN PAYS CASH FOR FURS

and Sells Traps and Outfits at Factory Prices!

You get the highest prices and the quickest returns when you ship your furs to Funsten. Coon, mink, skunk, muskrat, marten, fox, wolf, lynx and other furs are valuable. We receive and sell more furs direct from trapping sections than any house in the world. The biggest American and foreign buyers are represented at our regular sales, which run into millions of dollars yearly. The fierce competition among buyers at our sales enables us to get higher prices than anyone else. That's why we can send the most money for your furs, and send it quicker.

Big Money in Trapping While work on the farm is slack, do some trapping. It's good sport and pays big profits. We furnish trapping outfits at factory prices. Funsten Animal Baits double your fur catch. Write today for Catalog E and full particulars. We send our New Trapper's Guide, Game Laws, Fur Market Reports and Shipping Tags FREE. Write for them today. Act now, for all kinds of furs will bring good prices this season. (23)

Funsten Bros. & Co., 125 Elm Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BOYS and GIRLS

Earn Elegant Watch, Ring & Chain in One Day's Work

Send No Money—Simply send your name and address and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores usually charge $1.00 each). **With Them** we send 12 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine Salve** (very handsome boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Burns, Dandruff, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Etc.

MEN and WOMEN

EARN $3.00 DAILY

We offer you steady work

You sell the White Cloverine at 25c per box and give 1 picture free. When sold return $3 and we send beautiful **Watch, Ring & Chain**, or you can keep **Cash Commission**. Be first in your town. Everyone buys 2 to 3 boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn $3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address

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A Guaranteed Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE!

THE GREATEST OFFER BY THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER

You should not be without it. Strong, durable, and will last a lifetime. Can fill with ordinary ink, no need to have a special kind of fountain pen ink or a filler (which you will probably break or lose) and no more inky fingers. All you have to do to fill the pen is to dip the pen point in the ink and turn the scored ring on the end to the right until it stops. When it stops the pen is filled. All very simple, at the same time it works perfectly. Full directions with each pen. Made of best hard, black rubber with a high-grade pen point, made by one of the best fountain pen factories of Germany. They are guaranteed to write perfectly.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any of these fountain pens are defective in make, or will not write through fault of manufacturers, they can be returned and we will replace it by another.

THE WONDER

(Actual Size)

How to get this Pen Free

These self-filling fountain pens will make friends for us and we want every reader of The Chicago Ledger to have one free. To every one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger, we will send one of these splendid self-filling fountain pens absolutely free, all charges prepaid.

We will treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are now a subscriber and wish this pen fill out the coupon, state on bottom that this is a renewal subscription, enclose $1.00 with the coupon and send it to us and we will send you the pen absolutely free and extend your subscription one year from the time it is now paid up to.

Fill out the Coupon below, enclose it with $1.00 and send it to us at once.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
Chicago,

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. This Coupon entitles me to the self-filling pen advertised above.

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This is a .... subscription.
New or Renewal

Get a Guaranteed Fountain Pen Free.

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
$1.50 PER YEAR.

Mr. Thanksgiving.

The day before the last Thursday in November Mr. Thanksgiving set out on his yearly route with everything as ready as ready could be for the holiday. He had turkeys and pies and celery and cranberry sauce and all sorts of delicious things. Of course he couldn't carry them all himself. He had quite a long train of people to help him. He marched at the head so that all should cry when they saw him, "Thanksgiving is here! Thanksgiving is here!"

Now you wouldn't think a procession of that size could get lost very easily, but it so happened that the few remaining turkeys in the world had formed a conspiracy to delude Mr. Thanksgiving and make the world go without its holiday that year. It was a holiday they had never approved of, and they hoped to be able to abolish it altogether.

So, with a great deal of perseverance worthy of a better cause, they set to work on the road leading from Mr. Thanksgiving's house. This road passed through a wood in a straight line so that Mr. Thanksgiving never had any trouble in finding his way, although he always started on his journey at night in order to arrive on time Thanksgiving morning. And what do you think those turkeys did to the road to confuse Mr. Thanksgiving and spoil everybody's fun? They stayed up late every night for a week beforehand and scratched and scratched all night long, till they had turned the road completely out of its course and made it go right around in a circle.

That evening, all unsuspicious of the preparations that had been made for his confusion, Mr. Thanksgiving came out at the head of his retinue of servants and started down that curly road. They walked and they walked and they walked, and still they did not get anywhere.

"It is very strange," thought Mr. Thanksgiving, "that we don't seem to come to the end of this piece of woods." And they walked and they walked some more, and still they did not get anywhere.

"Well, this is most remarkable," said Mr. Thanksgiving in his most pompous tones. "This piece of woods is much too long. I really must have a tuck taken in it." And they walked and they walked and they walked and by and by the sun shot up over the trees in the east and Mr. Thanksgiving and his friends were still walking round and round in the forest.

When Mr. Thanksgiving saw the sun he stopped short, and turned to his respectful retinue with the words, "We are lost!"

"We surely are," replied the retainers. But then they always agreed with everything Mr. Thanksgiving said, anyhow.

"Now the next question," said Mr. Thanksgiving, "is how shall we find ourselves again?"

The retainers weren't used to being asked any questions that didn't have "yes" for an answer, and so they fidgeted from one foot to another and said nothing.

"Not an idea in the party!" said Mr. Thanksgiving solemnly. "It's a mercy you have me along to think for you. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. One half of us will go down the road, and the other half will go up the road, and one or the other of us is bound to get somewhere in time. Isn't that a beautiful idea?"

"Yes, Mr. Thanksgiving," replied the faithful retainers.

So, having divided into two parties, they set off in opposite directions. They walked and they walked and they walked and by and by they came face to face with each other again. As they stood there looking at each other with astonishment and wonder in their eyes, up came all the turkeys in the world in a flock. They had gotten up early in the morning to see the fun. And when those turkeys saw Mr. Thanksgiving and his party facing each other with looks of astonishment and wonder, they laughed and they laughed and they laughed till Mr. Thanksgiving cried out suddenly, "It's all your fault!"

Then the turkeys were scared, and they cried, "Oh, Mr. Thanksgiving, we're sorry; we'll never do it again. What can we do to undo the mischief we've done?"

"There's only one thing for you to do," said Mr. Thanksgiving, "and you must do it right quick. Fly up to the sun where it's just coming over the treetops, and hold on to it till I have time to get to the nearest village, or else everybody will be disappointed. And unless you do this," cried Mr. Thanksgiving, "I'll make a law to have Thanksgiving every week of the year!"

This threat was sufficient. With a horrified gobble the turkeys took to their wings. They flew to the top of the tallest tree, and seizing the sun in their beaks, held it there while Mr. Thanksgiving broke his way through the woods to the nearest town, where they were received with joy and thanksgiving. So no one was the worse off but the turkeys, who got all the feathers burned off their necks because the sun was so hot.

■

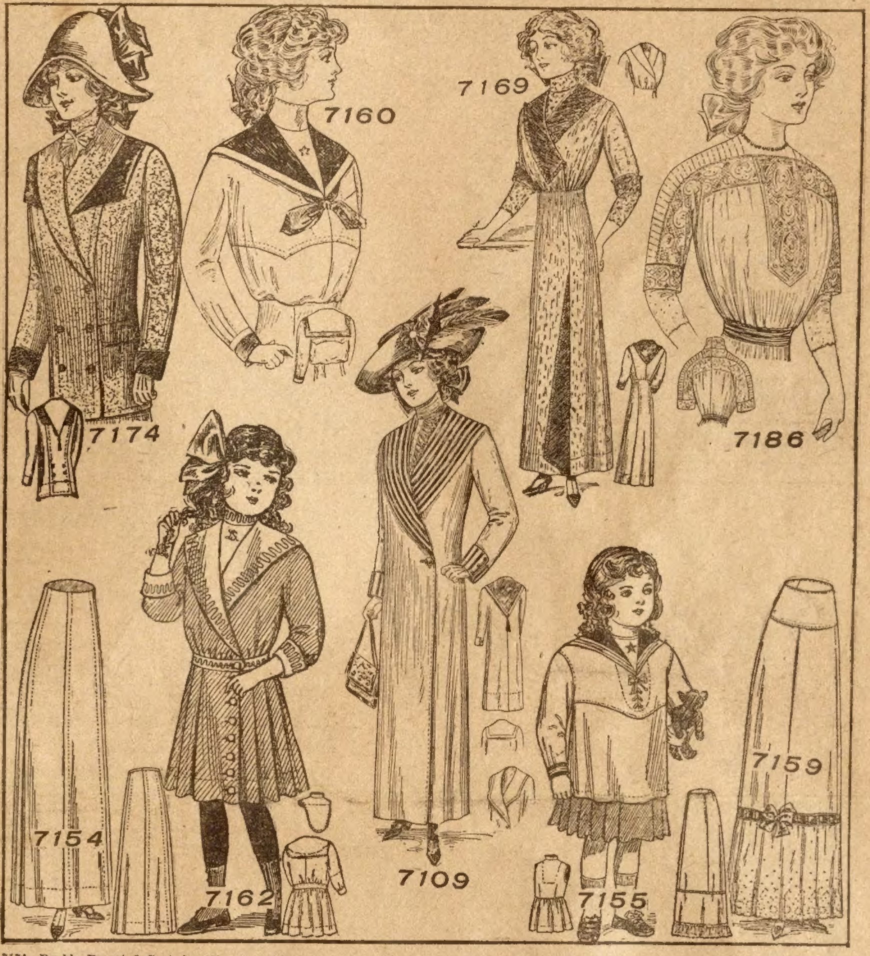
Nearly all beautiful things are expensive—including women.

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



7174—Double Breasted Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 4¾ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with ⅝ yard 27 for collar and cuffs to make as illustrated.

7160—Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 3 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 27 inches wide for the sailor collar and cuffs, ½ yard for shield and standing collar.

7169—Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 6 yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 1¼ yards of all-over lace and 1¼ yards of satin 27 inches wide, 3¾ yards of ruffling to trim as illustrated, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

7186—Fancy Blouse in Peasant Style for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 2¼ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 2¾ yards of banding 2½ inches wide and ¼ yard of banding 4¾ inches wide, and ½ yard 18 inches wide for the undersleeves, ⅝ yard for the yoke when made with the high neck.

7154—Six Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 4½ yards of material 27 or 36, 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards, 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

7162—Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be required 5⅝ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 for collar, cuffs and shield.

7109—Long or Three-Quarter Length Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 6¾ yards of material 27, 6 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap, 4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if there is neither figure nor nap, 1 yard 21 inches wide for the trimming.

7155—Girl's Middy Blouse Dress, 4, 6 and 8 years. For the 6-year size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27 or 36, 1 yard 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be needed 2½ yards 27, 2 yards 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 36 inches wide for the under-body.

7159—Five-Gored Petticoat, 22 to 32 waist. For the medium size will be required 3¼ yards of material 36, 2¾ yards 44 inches wide for the plain skirt, 2 yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide for the circular flounce, or 3 yards of embroidery 13 inches wide for the straight flounce and 2¼ yards of beading to trim as shown in the large front view.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons

…………………… CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US ……………………

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME ……………………………………
Street No. or R. F. D. ……………………………………
Town ……………………………………
Box …………………… State ……………………

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). GOOD FOR ANY TIME.

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read All About It

A Baby's Experience.

Baby Crago had a trying time of it out in Sundance, Wyo., where he lives. He is less than a year old, and so he will not remember it long. He might have nightmares about it, if he crammed himself with cake and candy in after years.

The baby's father was digging a well. He dug the usual kind of well, seven feet deep, and then dug down several feet more with a post auger, which is a giant gimlet, as big around as a fence post. Father Crago was taking care of the baby, and he let him play in the bottom of the big hole while the boring was going on. The father took the auger out of the hole, which was partly filled with water by that time, and the baby crawled too near. The baby slipped and fell feet foremost into the auger hole. He went down some feet below the level of the big hole near the top of the ground, and he stopped just where the water was at his chin. He would have gone further, but there he stuck. It was two hours before his father and some other men were able to dig down and get him out. They had to work carefully, because he would be smothered if any earth fell down into t

He was ready to be lifted when

gers got down so far that an a

reach him. He had had enoug

ment and cold water for that

be he will keep away from w

this and be mischievous in ot

You can't tell the age of a

looking at its teeth.

THIS GENEROUS TREATMENT

AND 36 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

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SUCCESS
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Dr. F. W Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon below any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the **Treatment Free** so you may make a personal test of just what my special medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

This offer is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from impure blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc.

SEND NO MONEY Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, **not yours.** All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you and that I may cure you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to lose.

Accept My Liberal Offer!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 1068 So. 533-535 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE for FREE DIAGNOSIS

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today

I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case, I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name..
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Town..

State..

Street or R. F. D. or Box..............................

Have you ever written me?............ *What is your age?*........

What is your disease?

....

....

____ If you are losing flesh.
____ If you take cold easily.
____ If your appetite is poor.
____ If you have rheumatism.
____ If you have sick headache.
____ If you have pain in the back.
____ If you are subject to malaria.
____ If you spit up mucus or slime.
____ If you are subject to biliousness.
____ If you are troubled with catarrh.
____ If your sleep does not refresh you.
____ If you feel weak and all run down.
____ If you have palpitation of the heart.
____ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
____ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
____ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
____ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
____ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
____ If you spit up sour or undigested food.
____ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
____ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
____ If you have specks floating before the eyes.
____ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
____ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
____ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
____ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
____ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
____ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
____ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
____ If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
____ If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
____ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

Dr. F. W. Jiroch
Dept. 1068
533-535
So. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago
Ill.

FILL OUT This Application and Send it TODAY.